



# THE POETS' HOUR

POETRY SELECTED AND ARRANGED  
FOR CHILDREN

BY

FRANCES MARTIN

London

MACMILLAN AND CO

1885

CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS,  
CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.

## PREFACE.

---

IT has been wisely said, that we should desire to call forth in children "a superabundance of enthusiasm, to the end that after they have lost all they are sure to lose in mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions"

Those who are intimately acquainted with children's minds will at once acknowledge that poetry—lyrical, descriptive, narrative, dramatic—has more power to kindle enthusiasm, and thus to promote the assimilation of noble sentiment, than any other direct means to that end. It excites an ardent admiration for heroic life and heroic endurance, a very fervour of compassion for the sufferings of the poor and the oppressed, and a love that lies deeper than words for the beauties of Nature.

Poetry may be made the sunshine of a child's school-life, for its rays of magic brightness fall on the pages of history, of science, and of art. If, however, poetry is to be the sunshine of school-life, it must be not *committed to memory* but learned by heart. To enable a child to learn *by heart*, he must have an



exact comprehension of every word and every sentence in a poem, must understand every image, as well as the entire scene, and must feel the beauty of the music, of the form, and of the idea. First of all for these ends, purity and precision in the pronunciation of every syllable must be secured, and next, a correct and melodious intonation, by which words sink deep into the memory and imagination of a child,—impossible in either pupil or teacher without the exercise of the heart as well as the intellect.

Every poem thus learnt is something added to a child's life. The words and the form of the poem may be forgotten, but not the thoughts it embodies, not the enthusiasm it has awakened, not the glow of delight it once kindled.

Our children should learn, likewise, to love the poet and to desire to know him intimately. No poem by WORDSWORTH or TENNYSON has been truly learned unless it leaves a desire to know and learn more of WORDSWORTH or TENNYSON. No selection of poetry is of much service except it leads to this end. The oak-leaf is very beautiful as a leaf, but no child can learn to love it without longing to know the stately beauty of the tree and the glory of its spreading branches. In fact, no child does know the leaf until he knows that it is not merely a leaf but the leaf of an oak.

I would give a child grave and gay, difficult and easy, but always, if possible, entire poems,—the whole plant, and not just the blossoms and the fruit. In every case, too, where it is possible and worth while,

I would give so much of the poetry of any one man as might enable the child to form a distinct notion of the poet's individuality

From such a selection children should be allowed to choose freely. A light hand—one that rather directs than controls—will always guide most surely.

The poems in this book are intended especially for the spring-time of life, and offer considerable variety in the hope of meeting the tastes of many children. I have been influenced in my selection by the choice and approval of intelligent children. Children often teach us more than we teach them. We are apt to lament their frivolity when they turn aside to gather wild flowers or to chase butterflies. I have a conviction that the butterflies and the wild flowers teach them as much, at the least, as any of our precepts. Both will be found in these pages, as well as the more solemn groves and their many bird-voices which we would teach children to love.

A Book of Poetry such as I have desired to compile, containing gems from all our poets, and especially introducing children to the poets of our own time, could not have been made without a very generous co-operation both of authors and publishers. I have, therefore, to thank Mr TENNYSON, Mr KEBLE, Archbishop TRENCH, Mr GEORGE MACDONALD, and the numerous authors and proprietors of copyright pieces, and also Messrs LONGMANS, MURRAY, BLACKWOOD, PARKER, MAC-MILLAN, CHAPMAN, and many others, by whose consent I have been able to carry out my plan.

This volume is intended for the use of girls and boys between the ages of eight and twelve, the "First Part" being more especially suited for the younger

A second selection, "Spring Time with the Poets," is intended for girls and boys between the ages of twelve and seventeen. It contains dramatic poetry for the practice of elocution, and poems that make a greater demand on the intellect and imagination of the learners than those in the present volume.

An index of writers, with dates, will, it is hoped, be found a valuable accompaniment to the work. For the rest, these poems are not arranged according to form, or subject, or era, but I present them as a nosegay of flowers from a royal garden.

FRANCES MARTIN

# CONTENTS.

## PART I

		PAGE
I —General Praise . . .	J Austin .	I
II —Robin Redbreast . .	W Allingham	2
III —Address to a Child	Miss Wordsworth	3
IV —Casabianca . . .	F Hemans	5
V —Lucy Gray . . .	W Wordsworth	7
VI —Lessons for a Child	G MacDonald	9
VII —Violets	J Multrus .	11
VIII —The Fairy Queen	M Dayton .	11
IX —The Mountain and the Squirrel	R W Emerson	13
X —The Better Land	F Hemans	14
XI —The Little Maiden and the Little Bird . . .		15
XII —A Child's Answer		16
XIII —St Philip Neri and the Youth	J Byron .	16
XIV —The Inchcape Rock	R Southey	18
XV —The Hitchen May-day Song	Old Song	21
XVI —Robin Goodfellow	Ben Jonson	22
XVII —A Farewell . . .	C Kingsley .	24
XVIII —Poor Dog Tray	T Campbell	25
XIX —Answer to a Child's Question	S T Coleridge	26
XX —The Chimney Sweep	W Blake	26
XXI —The Pet Lamb	W Wordsworth	28
XXII —The Toad's Journal	Jane Taylor	31
XXIII —Greek Islander's Song of Exile	F Hemans	33
XXIV —The Beggar Man	L Aikin	34
XXV —The Tiger . . .	W Blake	36
XXVI —The Kitten	J Baillie	36
XXVII —The Treasures of the Deep	F Hemans	38
XXVIII —The Child and the Piper	W Blake	39
XXIX —Little White Lily	G MacDonald .	40
XXX —Songs of Birds	J Lylye .	42
XXXI —The Fairies	W Allingham	43
XXXII —The Birds of Passage	F Hemans . .	45

		PAGE
XXXIII —The Fakenham Ghost	<i>R Bloomfield</i>	46
XXXIV —Folding the Flocks	<i>J Fletcher</i>	50
XXXV —John Baileycorn	<i>Old Ballad</i>	51
XXXVI —The Lady bud in the Fields		53
XXXVII —The Village Blacksmith	<i>M W Longfellow</i>	54
XXXVIII —The Frost Spirit	<i>T Whittier</i>	56
XXXIX —The Minstrel Boy	<i>T Moore</i>	57
XL —The Three Sons	<i>J Moulton</i>	58
XLI —The Butterfly's Ball	<i>T Roscoe</i>	62
XLII —The Arab to his Favourite Steed	<i>C Norton</i>	64
XLIII —Little Budie	<i>A Tennyson</i>	67
XLIV —The Complunts of the Pool	<i>R Southey</i>	68
XLV —The Force of Prayer	<i>W Wordsworth</i>	70
XLVI —The Fairy Queen	<i>Old Ballad</i>	73
XLVII —We are Seven	<i>W Wordsworth</i>	75
XLVIII —The Ambitious Weed	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	77
XLIX —The Milkmaid	<i>Jefferys Taylor</i>	80
L —The Child's First Grief	<i>F Hemans</i>	82
LI —The Harebell and the Fox glove		83
LII —King John and the Abbot of Canterbury	<i>Old Ballad</i>	85
LIII —Song of the Strawberry Girl		89
LIV —Ruial Architecture	<i>W Wordsworth</i>	91
LV —Unfolding the Flocks	<i>J Fletcher</i>	92
LVI —The Sea	<i>B Barton</i>	93
LVII —Destruction of Sennacherib's Host	<i>Byron</i>	94
LVIII —The Voice of Spring	<i>M Howitt</i>	95
LIX —The Nightingale and the Glowworm	<i>W Cowper</i>	96
LX —Hymn	<i>I Watts</i>	97
LXI —Baby Sleeps	<i>S Hinds</i>	98
LXII —The Frost	<i>H F Gould</i>	98
LXIII —William Tell	<i>J H Gurney</i>	100
LXIV —The Homes of England	<i>F Hemans</i>	105
LXV —Old Christmas	<i>M Howitt</i>	107
LXVI —God Provideth for the Morrow	<i>R Heber</i>	108
LXVII —The Hare and the Tortoise	<i>R Lloyd</i>	109
LXVIII —The Disputed Case	<i>W Cowper</i>	111
LXIX —The Camel	<i>M Howitt</i>	112
LXX —The Orphan Boy	<i>A Ope</i>	114
LXXI —After Blenheim	<i>R Southey</i>	115
LXXII —Beth Gelert	<i>W R Spencer</i>	118
LXXIII —The Mysteries of Providence	<i>W Cowper</i>	121

LXXIV —The Wind in a Frolic . .	<i>W Howitt</i>	PAGE 122
LXXV —The Idle Shepherd boys	<i>W Wordsworth</i>	125

PART II.

LXXVI —Scotch Fisherman's Song .	<i>J Baillie</i>	129
LXXVII —The Contented Blind Boy .	<i>C Cibber</i>	130
LXXVIII —He never Smiled Again	<i>F Hemans</i>	131
LXXIX —Napoleon and the Young English Sailor .	<i>T Campbell</i>	132
LXXX —The Visible Creation . .	<i>J Montgomery</i>	135
LXXXI —The Destroyer . .	<i>Hudson</i>	136
LXXXII —The Three Fishers . .	<i>C Kingsley</i>	138
LXXXIII —Mercy . .	<i>W Shakespeare</i>	139
LXXXIV —Hannibal's Oath .	<i>L E Landon</i>	140
LXXXV —The Harp of Tara . .	<i>T Moore</i>	141
LXXXVI —To a Bee . .	<i>R Southey</i>	142
LXXXVII —Alice Fell . .	<i>W Wordsworth</i>	143
LXXXVIII —Song of the North Wind		145
LXXXIX —True Riches . .	<i>I Watts</i>	147
XC —Birds in Summer . .	<i>M Howitt</i>	149
XCI —Swiss Home Sickness . .		151
XCII —Principle put to the Test .	<i>W Cowper</i>	152
XCIII —King Canute . .	<i>B Barton</i>	153
XCIV —Gratitude to God . .	<i>J Addison</i>	155
XCV —A Sailor's Song . .	<i>J Baillie</i>	156
XCVI —Wake, Lady . .	<i>J Baillie</i>	157
XCVII —The Ancient Sages . .	<i>J Keble</i>	158
XCVIII —Excelsior . .	<i>H W Longfellow</i>	159
XCIX —Lullaby for Titania . .	<i>W Shakespeare</i>	161
C —John Gilpin . .	<i>W Cowper</i>	162
CI —The Glove and the Lions .	<i>Lugh Hunt</i>	172
CII —The Glory of God . .	<i>R Heber</i>	174
CIII —Lord Ullin's Daughter .	<i>T Campbell</i>	175
CIV —Nongtongpaw . .	<i>C Dibdin</i>	177
CV —Simon Lee . .	<i>W Wordsworth</i>	179
CVI —Hymn . .	<i>J Austin</i>	183
CVII —To a Butterfly . .	<i>W Wordsworth</i>	184
CVIII —The Owl . .	<i>Barry Cornwall</i>	185
CIX —The Loss of the Royal George	<i>W Cowper</i>	186
CX —King Henry V and the Hermit of Dreux . .	<i>R Southey</i>	188
CXI —The Soldier's Dream . .	<i>T Campbell</i>	191
CXII —Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog . .	<i>O Goldsmith</i>	192

	PAGE
CXIII—The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	<i>F Hemans</i> 193
CXIV—The Romance of the Swan's Nest	<i>E B Browning</i> 195
CXV—Man's Servants	<i>G Herbert</i> 197
CXVI—The Priest and the Mulberry Tree	<i>T I. Peacock</i> 198
CXVII—The Wreck of the Hesperus	<i>H W Longfellow</i> 199
CXVIII—Song	<i>W Shakespeare</i> 203
CXIX—To the Small Celandine	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 204
CXX—The Book of Nature	<i>J Keble</i> 205
CXXI—The Battle of Bannockburn	<i>R Burns</i> 208
CXXII—The Burial of Sir John Moore	<i>C Wolfe</i> 209
CXXIII—Sea Song	<i>A Cunningham</i> 211
CXXIV—The War Horse	<i>J Dryden</i> 212
CXXV—The Waterfall and the Egla- tine	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 213
CXXVI—Pigwiggan's Equipment	<i>M Drayton</i> 214
CXXVII—England's Dead	<i>F Hemans</i> 216
CXXVIII—The Stormy Petrel	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 218
CXXIX—The Voice of Spring	<i>F Hemans</i> 219
CXXX—Early Piety	<i>R Heber</i> 221
CXXXI—Hohenlinden	<i>T Campbell</i> 222
CXXXII—Cardinal Wolsey's Lamenta- tion	<i>W Shakespeare</i> 224
CXXXIII—The Quiet Mind	<i>Lord Vaux</i> 226
CXXXIV—The Hebrew Mother	<i>F Hemans</i> 227
CXXXV—The Kitten and the Falling Leaves	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 230
CXXXVI—Sir John Suckling's Campaign	<i>Old Ballad</i> 231
CXXXVII—Melrose Abbey	<i>W Scott</i> 233
CXXXVIII—Canadian Boat Song	<i>T Moore</i> 234
CXXXIX—The Fairy to Puck	<i>W Shakespeare</i> 235
CXL—The Sands of Dee	<i>C Kingsley</i> 236
CXLI—A Father Reading the Bible	<i>F Hemans</i> 237
CXLII—Boadicea	<i>W Cowper</i> 238
CXLIII—Rob Roy's Grave	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 240
CXLIV—Paraphrase on Psalm XLIII	<i>J Addison</i> 245
CXLV—The Revenue of Poor Susan	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 246
CXLVI—The Spilt Pearls	<i>R C Trench</i> 247
CXLVII—The Graves of a Household	<i>F Hemans</i> 248
CXLVIII—The Massacre of Glencoe	<i>W Scott</i> 250
CXLIX—The Patriot	<i>T Campbell</i> 252
CL—The Cock is Crowing	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 253
CLI—Epitaph on a Hero	<i>W Cowper</i> 254
CLII—The Weakest Thing	<i>E B Browning</i> 255

	PAGE
CLIII — The Sunbeam	<i>J Hemans</i> . 256
CLIV — The Holly Tree	<i>R Southey</i> . 257
CLV — A Feudal Household	<i>W Scott</i> 259
CLVI — Power of Music	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 261
CLVII — Amiens' Song	<i>W Shakespeare</i> 263
CLVIII — The Children's Hour	<i>H W Longfellow</i> 263
CLIX — Fidelity	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 265
CLX — Song on May Morn'g	<i>J Milton</i> 268
CLXI — The Toy of the Giant's Child	<i>G F Richardson</i> 268
CLXII — The Fountain	<i>J R Lowell</i> 271
CLXIII — The Shadows	<i>G MacDonald</i> 273
CLXIV — The Mother's Jewels	<i>R C Trench</i> 274
CLXV — Helen's Upbraiding Hermia	<i>W Shakespeare</i> 275
CLXVI — Summer Insects	<i>J Clare</i> 276
CLXVII — The Reaper and the Flowers	<i>H W Longfellow</i> 277
CLXVIII — A Sea Dye	<i>W Shakespeare</i> 279
CLXIX — A Winter Night	<i>B Easton</i> 279
CLXX — Rosabelle	<i>W Scott</i> 280
CLXXI — The Rainbow	<i>J Keble</i> 282
CLXXII — May Day	<i>R Heber</i> 283
CLXXIII — Earl Haldan's Daughter	<i>C Kingsley</i> 284
CLXXIV — March	<i>W C Bryant</i> . 285
CLXXV — Tubal Cun	<i>C MacKay</i> 286
CLXXVI — Incident characteristic of a Favourite Dog	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 289
CLXXVII — Love Keeping Watch	<i>S Hinds</i> . 290
CLXXVIII — Still Midnight	<i>Byron</i> 291
CLXXIX — The Village Boy	<i>J Clare</i> 292
CLXXX — The Snowdrops on the Rock	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 293
CLXXI — Autumn	<i>F Browne</i> . 294
CLXXII — The Nun's Lament for Philip Sparrow	<i>J Shelton</i> 295
CLXXIII — The Changeling	<i>J R Lowell</i> . 298
CLXXIV — Queen Mab	<i>W Shakespeare</i> 300
CLXXV — Xerxes at the Hellespont	<i>R C Trench</i> 301
CLXXVI — The Redbreast chasing the Butterfly	<i>W Wordsworth</i> 303
CLXXVII — A Prayer	<i>A L Waring</i> . 304
CLXXVIII — The Vesper Bell	<i>S T Coleridge</i> 306
CLXXIX — An Evening Hymn	<i>R C Trench</i> . 307
CXC — The Death of the Old Year	<i>A Tennyson</i> . 308






# POEMS.

---

## I

### GENERAL PRAISE.

ARK, my soul, how every thing  
Strives to bless our bounteous King '—  
Each a double tribute pays,  
Sings its part, and then obeys

Nature's chief and sweetest quire,  
Him with cheerful notes admire,  
Chanting every day their lauds,  
While the grove their song applauds

Though their voices lower be,  
Streams have too their melody,  
Night and day they warbling run,  
Never pause, but still sing on

All the flowers that gild the spring  
Hither their still music bring,  
If Heaven bless them, thankful, they  
Smell more sweet, and look more gay


Only we can scarce afford  
 This short office to our Lord,  
 We, on whom His bounty flows—  
 He gives all, who nothing owes,

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,  
 Wake, and gladly sing thy part,  
 Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,  
 How to use thy nobler powers

*J Austin*

II.

ROBIN REDBREAST

OOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer !  
 For Summer's nearly done ,  
 The garden smiling faintly,

Cool breezes in the sun ,  
 Our thrushes now are silent,  
 Our swallows flown away,—  
 But Robin's here in coat of brown,  
 And scarlet breast-knot gay  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear !

Robin sings so sweetly  
 In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
 The leaves come down in hosts ,  
 The trees are Indian princes,  
 But soon they'll turn to ghosts ,  
 The leathery pears and apples  
 Hang russet on the bough ,

It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,  
'Twill soon be Winter now  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear !  
And what will this poor Robin do ?  
For pinching days are near

The fire side for the cricket,  
The wheatstack for the mouse,  
When trembling night-winds whistle  
And moan all round the house  
The frosty ways like iron,  
The branches plumed with snow,—  
Alas ! in Winter dead and dark,  
Where can poor Robin go ?  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear !  
And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
His little heart to cheer

*W Allingham*

## III

ADDRESS TO A CHILD, DURING A  
BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING



WHAT way does the wind come ? What way  
does he go ?  
He rides over the water, and over the snow,  
Through wood, and through vale, and, o'er rocky  
height  
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight,

He tosses about in every bare tree,  
As, if you look up, you plainly may see ,  
But how he will come, and whither he goes,  
There's never a scholar in England knows

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,  
And ring a sharp 'larum ,—but, if you should look,  
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,  
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,  
And softer than if it were covered with silk  
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,  
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock ,  
Yet seek him—and what shall you find in the place?  
Nothing but silence and empty space ,  
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,  
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves !

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow, with me  
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see  
That he has been there, and made a great rout,  
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about ,  
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig  
That looked up at the sky so proud and big  
All last summer, as well you know,  
Studded with apples, a beautiful show !

Hark ! over the roof he makes a pause,  
And growls as if he would fix his claws  
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle  
Drive them down, like men in a battle  
But let him range round , he does us no harm,  
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm ,


Untouched by his breath see the candle shines bright,  
And burns with a clear and steady light ,  
Books have we to read,—but that half-stifled knell,  
Alas ! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell

Come, now we'll to bed ! and when we are there  
He may work his own will, and what shall we care ?  
He may knock at the dooi,—we'll not let him in ,  
May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din ,  
Let him seek his own home wherever it be ,  
Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward and me

*Miss Wordsworth*

## IV

## CASABIANCA \*

HE boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but he had fled ,  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
Shone round him o'er the dead ,  
Yet beautiful and bright he stood  
As born to rule the storm ,  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though child-like form !

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
Without his Father's word ,  
That Father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard

\* Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the *Orient*, a French ship of war, renamed at his post [in the battle of the Nile] after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned , and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder,

He called aloud —“ Say, Father, say  
If yet my task is done ?”  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son

“ Speak, Father !” once again he cried,  
“ If I may yet be gone !  
And ”—but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on ,  
Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And looked from that lone post of death  
In still, yet brave despair,

He shouted but once more aloud, -  
“ My Father ! must I stay ?”  
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way  
They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—oh ! where was he ?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea !—  
With mast and helm and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing that perished there,  
Was that young faithful heart !

*F Hemans.*

## LUCY GRAY,

OR, SOLITUDE



FT I had heard of Lucy Gray ·  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ,  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
—The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green ,  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen

“To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go ,  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your mother through the snow ”

“That, Father, will I gladly do  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon !”

At this the father raised his hook,  
And snapped a faggot band ,  
He plied his work,—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand



Not blither is the mountain roe :

With many a wanton stoke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke

The storm came on before its time

She wander'd up and down ,  
And many a hill did Lucy climb  
But never reach'd the town

The wretched parents all that night

Went shouting far and wide ,  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide

At daybreak on a hill they stood

That overlooked the moor ,  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,

“ In heaven we all shall meet ! ”  
—When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge

They track'd the footmarks small ,  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall

And then an open field they crossed

The marks were still the same ,  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ,  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
The footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank ,  
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child ,  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild


O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind ,  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind

*W Wordsworth.*

## VI

## LESSONS FOR A CHILD

## I

 HERE breathes not a breath of the morning air  
But the Spirit of Love is moving there ,  
Not a trembling leaf on the shadowy tree  
Mingles with thousands in harmony,  
But the Spirit of God doth make the sound,  
And the thoughts of the insect that creepeth around  
And the sunshiny butterflies come and go,  
Like beautiful thoughts moving to and fro ,  
And not a wave of their busy wings  
Is unknown to the Spirit that moveth all things

And the long-mantled moths that sleep at noon,  
And dance in the light of the mystic moon—  
All have one Being that loves them all,  
Not a fly in the spider's web can fall,-  
But He cares for the spider, and cares for the fly,  
And He cares for each little child's smile or sigh,  
How it can be, I cannot know,  
He is wiser than I, and it must be so

## II

The tree-roots met in the spongy ground,  
Looking where water lay,  
Because they met, they twined around,  
Embraced, and went their way

Drop dashed on drop as the rain showers fell,  
Yet they strove not, but joined together,  
And they rose from the earth a bright clear well,  
Singing in sunny weather

Sound met sound in the wavy air,  
They kissed as sisters true,  
Yet, jostling not on their journey fair,  
Each on its own path flew

Wind met wind in a garden green,  
Each for its own way pled,  
And a trampling whirlwind danced between,  
Till the flower of Love lay dead

*G Macdonald*

VII

VIOLETS



UNDER the green hedges after the snow,  
There do the dear little violets grow,  
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads  
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,  
Down there do the dear little violets lie ,  
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,  
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath  
been.

*J Moultrie*

VIII

THE FAIRY QUEEN



HER chariot ready straight is made,  
Each thing therein is fitting laid,  
That she by nothing might be stayed,  
For nought must be her letting  
Four nimble gnats the horses were,  
Their harnesses of gossamer,  
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,  
Upon the coach-box getting

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,  
Which for the colours did excel,  
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,  
So lively was the limning

The seat the soft wool of the bee,  
The cover (gallantly to see)  
The wing of a pied butterfly,  
I trow, 'twas simple trimming .

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,  
And daintily made for the nonce,  
For fear of rattling on the stones  
With thistle-down they shod it  
For all her maidens much did fear  
If Oberon had chanced to hear  
That Mab his queen should have been there,  
He would not have abode it

She mounts her chariot in a trice,  
Nor would she stay for no advice,  
Until her maids that were so nice,  
To wait on her were fitted,  
But ran away herself alone ,  
Which when they heard there was not one  
But hastened after to be gone,  
As she had been diswitted


Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,  
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were  
To Mab their sovereign dear,  
Her special maids of honour ,  
Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,  
Pick, and Quick, and Jill and Jin,  
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,  
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,  
And what with amble and with trot,  
For hedge nor ditch they sparéd not,  
But after her they hie them  
A cobweb over them they threw,  
To shield the wind if it should blow,  
Themselves they wisely could besow  
Lest any should espy them,

*M Drayton*

IX.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

HE mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel,  
And the former called the latter  
“ Little prig ,”

Bun replied,  
“ You are doubtless very big,  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together  
To make up a year,  
And a sphere  
And I think it no disgrace  
To occupy my place  
If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry  
I'll not deny you make

A very pretty squirrel track.  
Talents differ, all is well and wisely put,  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut”.

*R. W. Emerson.*

X.

THE BETTER LAND



HEAR thee speak of the better land,  
Thou call'st its children a happy band,  
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?—  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?”  
“Not there, not there, my child!”

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?  
O! 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?”  
“Not there, not there, my child!”


“Is it far away in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,  
Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?”  
“Not there, not there, my child!”

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there  
Time doth not breathe on its farless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
It is there, it is there, my child ! ”

*F Hemans*

XI

THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE LITTLE  
BIRD

“ ITTLE Bird ! little bud ! come to me !  
I have a green cage ready for thee,—  
Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring anew,  
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with dew ”

“ Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,—  
But I love dearly the clear, cool air,  
And my snug little nest in the old oak-tree.”  
“ Little bud ! little bird ! stay with me.”

“ Nay, little damsel ! away I'll fly  
To greener fields and warmer sky,  
When Spring returns with pattering rain,  
You'll hear my merry song again ”

“ Little bird ! little bird ! who'll guide thee  
Over the hills and over the sea ?  
Foolish one ! come in the house to stay,  
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way ”



" Ah no, little maiden ! God guides me  
Over the hills and over the sea ,  
I will be free as the rushing air,  
And sing of Providence everywhere "

*Anon*

XII

A CHILD'S ANSWER



MET a fairy child, whose golden hair  
Around her sunny face in clusters hung ,  
And as she wove her king-cup chain, she sung  
Her household melodies—those strains that bear  
The hearer back to Eden    Surely ne'er  
A brighter vision blest my dreams    "Whose child  
Art thou," I said, "sweet gill?"    In accent mild  
She answer'd, "Mother's "    When I question'd "Where  
Her dwelling was?" again she answer'd "Home "  
"Mother !" and "Home !"—O blessed ignorance !  
Or rather, blessed knowledge !    What advance  
Farther than this shall all the years to come,  
With all their love, effect ?    There are but given  
Two names of higher note, "Father," and "Heaven "

XIII

ST PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH \*



ST PHILIP NERI, as old writers say,  
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one  
day ,

\* *St Philip Neri* lived in the 16th century

And, being ever courteously inclined  
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,  
He fell into discourse with him, and thus  
The dialogue they held comes down to us —

*St P N* Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to  
Rome?

*Youth* To make myself a scholar, sir, I come

*St P N* And, when you are one, what do you intend?

*Youth* To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end

*St. P. N* Suppose it so—what have you next in view?

*Youth* That I may get to be a canon, too

*St P N* Well and how then?

*Youth* Why then, for aught I know,  
I may be made a bishop

*St P N* Be it so—

What then?

*Youth* Why, cardinal's a high degree,  
And yet my lot it possibly may be

*St P N* Suppose it was—what then?

*Youth* Why, who can say  
But I've a chance of being pope one day?

*St P N* Well, having worn the mitre and red hat,  
And triple crown, what follows after that?

*Youth* Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,  
Upon this earth, that wishing can procure  
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high  
As long as God shall please, then—I must die

*St P N* What 'must' you die, fond youth? and at  
the best


But *wish*, and *hope*, and *may be* all the rest?

Take my advice—whatever may betide,  
 For that which must be, first of all provide,  
 Then think of that which may be and, indeed,  
 When well prepared, who knows what may succeed ?  
 But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,  
 Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

*J Byrom*

#### XIV.

#### THE INCHCAPE ROCK.\*

O stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
 The ship was as still as she could be ,  
 Her sails from heaven received no motion  
 Her keel was steady in the ocean

Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
 The waves floated over the Inchcape Rock ,  
 So little they rose, so little they fell,  
 They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The good old abbot of Aberbrothock  
 Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock ,  
 On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,  
 And louder and louder its warning rung.

\* The Inchcape Rock is a dangerous sunken rock off the coast of Forfarshire, Scotland, on which the Bell Rock Lighthouse now stands.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell,  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And blessed the priest of Abeibrothock

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day,  
The sea-birds screamed, as they wheeled around,  
And there was pleasure in the sound

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,  
A darker speck on the ocean green,  
Sir Ralph the rover walked the deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck

He felt the cheering power of spring ,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing ,  
His heart was mirthful to excess—  
But the rover's mirth was wickedness

His eye was on the bell and float ,  
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock "

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ,  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And cut the warning-bell from the float !

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound  
The bubbles arose and burst around ,  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock  
Will not bless the priest of Abeibrothock "

Sir Ralph the rover sailed away;  
He scoured the seas for many a day;  
And now, grown rich with plundered store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspread the sky,  
They could not see the sun on high,  
The wind had blown a gale all day,  
At evening it had died away

On deck the rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is, they see no land,  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon"

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?  
Yonder, methinks, should be the shore,  
Now, where we are, I cannot tell,  
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,  
Though the wind has fallen, they drift along,  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—  
"Alas! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the rover tore his hair,  
He beat himself in wild despair,  
But the waves rush in on every side,  
And the vessel sinks beneath the tide

*R Southey*

THE HITCHEN MAY-DAY SONG



REMEMBER us poor Mayers all !

And thus we do begin

To lead our lives in righteousness,

Or else we die in sin

We have been rambling all the night,

And almost all the day ,

And now returned back again,

We have brought you a branch of May

A branch of May we have brought you,

And at your door it stands ,

It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out

By the work of our Lord's hands

The hedges and trees they are so green,

As green as any leek

Our heavenly Father He water'd them

With His heavenly dew so sweet

The heavenly gates are open wide,

Our paths are beaten plain ,

And if a man be not too far gone,

He may return again

The life of man is but a span,

It flourishes like a flower ,

We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,


And we are dead in an hour

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,  
 A little before it is day  
 So God bless you all, both great and small,  
 And send you a joyful May ! •

*Old Song*

XVI

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

ORE swift than lightning can I fly  
 About this aery welkin soon,  
 And in a minute's space descry  
 Each thing that's done below the moon  
 There's not a hag  
 Or ghost shall wag,  
 Or cry,—"'Ware goblin !" where I go ,  
 But Robin I  
 Their feats will spy,  
 And send them home with Ho ! ho ! ho !

Where'er such wanderers I meet  
 As from their night sports they trudge home,  
 With counterfeiting voice I greet,  
 And call on them with me to roam  
 Through woods, through lakes,  
 Through bogs, through brakes ,  
 Or else unseen with them I go,  
 All in the nick,  
 To play some trick,  
 And frolick it with Ho ! ho ! ho !

Sometimes I meet them like a man  
    Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ,  
And to a horse I turn me can,  
    And trip and trot about them round ,  
        But if to ride  
        My back they stide,  
More swift than wind away I go,  
    O'er hedge and lands,  
    Through pools and ponds,  
I whurry, laughung, Ho ' ho ' ho ' !

When lads and lasses meiry be  
    With possets and rich juncates fine,  
Unseen of all the company,  
    I eat then cakes and sip their wine  
        And to make spoit  
        I puff and snoit,  
And out the candle I do blow ,  
    And maids I kiss,  
    They shriek "Who's this ?"  
I answer nought but Ho ' ho ' ho ' !

Yet now and then the maids to please  
    At midnight I card up their wool ,  
And while they sleep and take their ease  
    With wheel to threads their flax I pull.  
        I grind at will  
        Their malt up still,  
I dress their hemp and spin their tow ,  
    If any walk,  
    And would me talk,  
I wend me laughung, Ho ' ho ' ho ' !



The men do traps and engines set  
 In loopholes where the vermines creep,  
 Who from their fields and houses get  
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,  
     I spy the gin  
     And enter in,  
 And seem a vermin taken so  
     But when they there  
     Approach me near,  
 I leap out, laughing, Ho ! ho ! ho !

*Ben Jonson*

XVII

A FAREWELL.

I.



Y fairest child, I have no song to give you,  
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey  
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
     For every day

II

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,  
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long  
 And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever  
     One grand, sweet song

*C Kingsley*

XVIII.

POOR DOG TRAY.



N the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah  
was nigh,

No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I,  
No harp like my own could so cheerly play,  
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,  
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)

•Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away  
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind to be sure,  
And he constantly loved me although I was poor,  
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,  
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,  
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,  
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,  
And he licked me for kindness—my old dog Tray


Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case,  
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face,  
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,  
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?  
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?  
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,  
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray

*T. Campbell*

XIX.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

 O you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,  
the dove,  
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love, and I  
love!"


In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong,  
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song  
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm  
weather,

And singing and loving—all come back together  
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,  
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,  
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he,  
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me"

*S. T. Coleridge.*

XX

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

 HEN my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue  
Could scarcely cry "Weep! weep! weep!  
weep!"

So you chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,  
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved, so I said,  
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's  
bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair"

And so he was quiet, and that very night,  
As Tom was a sleeping, he had such a sight,  
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,  
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black


And by came an angel, who had a bright key,  
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free,  
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,  
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind,  
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,  
And got with our bags and brushes to work,  
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and  
warm  
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm

*W Blake*

## THE PET LAMB

HE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,  
I heard a voice, it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied  
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a Maiden at its side

Nor sheep nor kine were near, the lamb was all alone,  
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone,  
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,  
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,  
Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his tail with  
pleasure shook

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a  
tone

That I almost received her heart into my own

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty  
rare!

I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair  
Now with her empty can the Maiden turned away  
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay

Right towards the lamb she looked, and from a shady  
place

I, unobserved, could see the workings of her face  
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,  
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might  
sing —

“What ails thee, young One? what? Why pull so  
at thy cord?”

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?  
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be,  
Rest, little young One, rest, what is't that aileth thee?

What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to  
thy heart?

Thy limbs are they not strong? And beautiful thou art  
This grass is tender grass, these flowers they have no  
peers,

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen  
chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain,  
For rain and mountain-storms! the like thou need'st  
not fear,

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come  
here.

Rest, little young One, rest, thou hast forgot the day  
When my father found thee first in places far away,  
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by  
none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone

He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee  
home

A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou  
roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast, the dam that did thee rear  
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee  
in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ,  
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with  
dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new

Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are  
now,

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the  
plough ,

My playmate thou shalt be , and when the wind is cold  
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold

It will not, will not rest !—Poor creature, can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in  
thee ?

Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see  
nor hear.

Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair !  
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come  
there ,

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,  
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey

Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky ,  
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by  
Why bleat so after me ? Why pull so at thy chain ?  
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again !”


As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,  
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat,  
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,  
That but half of it was his, and one half of it was  
mine

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song,  
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must  
belong,  
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with  
such a tone,  
That I almost received her heart into my own"

*IV. Wordsworth*

XXII

THE TOAD'S JOURNAL

 N a land for antiquities greatly renowned,  
A traveller had dug wide and deep under  
ground,

A temple for ages entombed, to disclose—  
When lo ! he disturbed in its secret repose  
A toad, from whose journal it plainly appears  
It had lodged in that mansion some thousands of years  
The roll, which this reptile's long history records,  
A treat to the sage antiquarian affords  
The sense by obscure hieroglyphics concealed,  
Deep learning, at length, with long labour revealed  
The first thousand years as a specimen, take,—  
The dates are omitted for brevity's sake



“Crawled forth from some rubbish, and winked  
with one eye,  
Half opened the other, but could not tell why,  
Stretched out my left leg, as it felt rather queer,  
Then drew all together and slept for a year  
Awakened, felt chilly—crept under a stone,  
Was vastly contented with living alone  
One toe became wedged in the stone like a peg,  
Could not get it away—had the cramp in my leg,  
Began half to wish for a neighbour at hand  
To loosen the stone, which was fast in the sand,  
Pulled harder—then dozed, as I found 'twas no use,—  
Awoke the next summer, and lo! it was loose  
Crawled forth from the stone when completely awake,  
Crept into a corner and grinned at a snake  
Retreated, and found that I needed repose,  
Curled up my damp limbs and prepared for a doze.  
Fell sounder to sleep than was usual before,  
And did not awake for a century or more,  
But had a sweet dream—as I rather believe  
Methought it was light, and a fine summer's eve,  
And I in some garden deliciously fed  
In the pleasant moist shade of a strawberry bed  
There fine speckled creatures claimed kindred with me,  
And others that hopped, most enchanting to see  
Here long I regaled with emotion extreme,—  
Awoke—disconcerted to find it a dream,  
Grew pensive—discovered that life is a load,  
Began to get weary of being a toad,  
Was fretful at first, and then shed a few tears”—  
Here ends the account of the first thousand years.

## MORAL

It seems that life is all a void,  
On selfish thoughts alone employed  
That length of days is not a good,  
Unless their use be understood ,  
While if good deeds *one* year engage,  
*That* may be longer than an age  
But if a year in trifles go,  
Perhaps you'd spend a thousand so  
Time cannot stay to make us wise—  
We must improve it as it flies

*J Taylor.*

## XXIII

## GREEK ISLANDER'S SONG OF EXILE



HERE is the sea ? I languish here—  
Where is my own blue sea ?  
With all its barks in fleet career,  
And flags and breezes free ?

I miss that voice of waves which first  
Awoke my childhood's glee ,  
The measured chime, the thund'ring burst—  
Where is my own blue sea ?


Oh, rich your myrtle's breath may rise,  
Soft, soft your winds may be ,  
Yet my sick heart within me dies—  
Where is my own blue sea ?

I hear the shepherd's mountain note,  
 I hear the whisp'ring tree ,  
 The echoes of my soul are mute—  
 Where is my own blue sea ?

*F. Hemans*

XXIV.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

ROUND the fire, one wintry night,  
 The farmer's rosy children sat ,  
 The faggot lent its blazing light,  
 And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear,  
 Low tapping at the bolted door ,  
 And, thus to gain their willing ear,  
 A feeble voice was heard to implore —

“ Cold blows the blast across the moor ,  
 The sleet drives hissing in the wind ,  
 Yon toilsome mountain lies before ,  
 A dreary, treeless waste behind

“ My eyes are weak and dim with age ,  
 No road, no path, can I descry ,  
 And these poor rags ill stand the rage  
 Of such a keen, inclement sky.

“So faint I am, these tottering feet  
No more my feeble frame can bear ,  
My sinking heart forgets to beat,  
And drifting snows my tomb prepare

“Open your hospitable door,  
And shield me from the biting blast,  
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,  
The weary moor that I have past!”

With hasty steps the farmer ran,  
And close beside the fire they place  
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,  
With shaking limbs and pallid face


The little children flocking came,  
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs ,  
And busily the good old dame  
A comfortable mess prepares

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul ,  
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek  
The big round tear was seen to roll,  
And told the thanks he could not speak

The children, too, began to sigh,  
And all their merry chat was o'er ,  
And yet they felt, they knew not why,  
More glad than they had done before

*Akin*

## THE TIGER

IGER, tiger, burning bright  
 In the forest of the night !  
 What immortal hand or eye  
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?


In what distant deeps or skies  
 Burnt the ardour of thine eyes ?  
 On what wings dare he aspire—  
 What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art  
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?  
 And when thy heart began to beat,  
 What dread hand form'd thy dread feet ?

What the hammer, what the chain,  
 In what furnace was thy brain ?  
 Did God smile his work to see ?  
 Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

*W Blake.*

## THE KITTEN.

ANTON droll, whose harmless play  
 Beguiles the rustic's closing day,  
 When drawn the evening fire about,  
 Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,

And child upon his three-foot stool,  
Waiting till his supper cool,  
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,  
As bright the blazing faggot glows ,  
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,  
Thus circled round with merry faces  
Backward coiled, and crouching low,  
With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,  
The housewife's spindle whirling round,  
Or thread or straw, that on the ground  
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly  
Held out to lure thy roving eye ,  
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring  
Upon the futile, faithless thing ,  
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,  
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,  
As oft beyond thy curving side,  
Its jetty tip is seen to glide  
And see ! the start, the jet, the bound,  
The giddy scamper round and round,  
With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,  
And many a wheeling somerset ;  
But, stopped the while thy wanton play,  
Applauses now thy feats repay ,  
For now beneath some urchin's hand,  
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,  
While many a stroke of fondness glides  
Along thy back and tabby sides  
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,  
And loudly sings thy busy pur ,  
As, tuning well the equal sound,

Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,  
 And all their harmless claws disclose,  
 Like prickles of an early rose ,  
 While softly from thy whiskered cheek,  
 Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek

*J Baillie*

XXVII

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP



WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,  
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?—  
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured  
 shells,

Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain  
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !

We ask not such from thee

Yet more, the depths have more !—What wealth  
 untold,

Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies !  
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,

Won from ten thousand royal Argosies !—  
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !  
 Earth claims not *these* again

Yet more, the depths have more !—Thy waves have  
 rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by !  
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry —  
 Dash o'er them, Ocean ! in thy scornful play !

Man yields them to decay


Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more !  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !  
They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
Thy battle-thunders will not break their rest —  
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !  
Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom  
The place was kept at board and hearth so long !  
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless  
gloom,  
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !  
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthorn—  
But all is not thine own

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,  
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead !  
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !—  
Restore the Dead, thou Sea !  
*F Hemans*

## XXVIII

## THE CHILD AND THE PIPER

 PIPING down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he, laughing, said to me :




" Pipe a song about a lamb."  
 So I piped with merry cheer ,  
 " Piper, pipe that song again "   
 So I piped, he wept to hear  
  
 " Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,  
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer "   
 So I sang the same again,  
 While he wept with joy to hear  
  
 " Piper, sit thee down and write  
 In a book that all may read "   
 So he vanish'd from my sight ,  
 And I pluck'd a hollow reed,  
  
 And I made a rural pen,  
 And I stain'd the water clear,  
 And I wrote my happy songs  
 Every child may joy to hear

*W. Blake.*

XXIX

LITTLE WHITE LILY


 LITTLE white Lily  
 Sat by a stone,  
 Drooping and waiting  
 Till the sun shone.  
 Little white Lily  
 Sunshine has fed ,  
 Little white Lily  
 Is lifting her head

Little white Lily  
Said, " It is good ,  
Little white Lily's  
Clothing and food "  
Little white Lily  
Drest like a bride !  
Shining with whiteness  
And crown'd beside !

Little white Lily  
Droopeth with pain,  
Waiting and waiting  
For the wet rain  
Little white Lily  
Holdeth her cup ,  
Rain is fast falling  
And filling it up

Little white Lily  
Said, " Good again,  
When I am thirsty  
To have nice rain ,  
Now I am stronger,  
Now I am cool ,  
Heat cannot burn me,  
My veins are so full "

Little white Lily  
Smells very sweet  
On her head sunshine,  
Rain at her feet.

"Thanks to the sunshine,  
 Thanks to the rain !  
 Little white Lily  
 Is happy again !"

*G. MacDonald*

xxx.

SONGS OF BIRDS



HAT bird so sings, yet so does wail ?  
 O 'tis the ravished nightingale  
 "Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,  
 And still her woes at midnight rise

Brave prick song ! who is't now we hear ?  
 None but the lark so shrill and clear ,  
 Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,  
 The morn not waking till she sings

Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat,  
 Poor robin redbreast tunes his note ,  
 Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,  
 Cuckoo to welcome in the spring !  
 Cuckoo to welcome in the spring !

*Lily.*

## THE FAIRIES.



P the airy mountain  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We daren't go a-hunting  
 For fear of little men,  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together;  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore  
 Some make their home,  
 They live on crispy pancakes  
 Of yellow tide-foam,  
 Some in the reeds  
 Of the black mountain lake,  
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
 The old king sits,  
 He is now so old and grey  
 He's nigh lost his wits  
 With a bridge of white mist  
 Columbkille he crosses  
 On his stately journeys  
 From Sheveleague to Ross ;

Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long ,  
When she came down again,  
Her friends were all gone  
They took her lightly back,  
Between the night and morrow,  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lakes,  
On a bed of flag leaves,  
Watching till she wakes


By the craggy hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
As dig one up in spite,  
He shall find the thornies set  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting,  
For fear of little men ,

Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together,  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather !  
*W Allingham.*

XXXII

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE

IRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing !  
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring ?  
—“ We come from the shores of the green old  
Nile,

From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,  
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,  
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby

We have swept o'er cities in song renowned,—  
Silent they lie with their deserts round !  
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled  
All dark with the warrior-blood of old,  
And each worn wing hath regained its home,  
Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome ”

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,  
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam ?  
—“ We have found a change,—we have found a pall,  
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,  
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,—  
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built ! ”

Oh ! joyous birds, it hath ever been so ,  
 Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go !  
 But the huts of hamlets lie still and deep,  
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep —  
 Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,  
 Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?


“ A change we have found there—and many a change !  
 Faces and footsteps, and all things strange !  
 Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,  
 And the young that were, have a brow of care,  
 And the place is hushed where the children played,—  
 Nought looks the same, save the nest we made ! ”

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,  
 Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth !  
 Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,  
 Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair ?  
 Ye over desert and deep have passed,—  
 So may *we* reach our bright home at last !

*F Hemans*

### XXXIII

### THE FAKENHAM GHOST

HE lawns were dry in Euston park.  
 (Here truth inspires my tale,)  
 The lonely footpath, still and dark,  
 Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,  
And fearful haste she made  
To gain the vale of Fakenham,\*  
And hail its willow shade

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,  
But followed faster still,  
And echoed to the darksome copse  
That whispered on the hill,

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,  
Bespoke a peopled shade,  
And many a wing the foliage brushed,  
And hovering circuits made

The dappled herd of grazing deer,  
That sought the shades by day,  
Now started from their paths with fear,  
And gave the stranger way

Darker it grew, and darker fears  
Came o'er her troubled mind,  
When now, a short, quick step she hears,  
Come patting close behind

She turned, it stopped, nought could she see  
Upon the gloomy plain,  
But as she strove the sprite to flee,  
She heard the same again

\* *Fakenham*—a village in Suffolk.



Now terror seized her quaking frame,  
For, where the path was bare,  
The trotting ghost kept on the same—  
She muttered many a prayer,

Yet once again, amidst her flight,  
She tried what sight could do,  
When, through the cheating glooms of night,  
A MONSTER ! stood in view

Regardless of whate'er she felt,  
It followed down the plain,  
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,  
And said her prayers again

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,  
The white park-gate in view,  
Which pushing hard, so long it swung,  
That ghost and all passed through !

Loud fell the gate against the post,  
Her heart-strings like to crack,  
For much she feared the grisly ghost  
Would leap upon her back

Still on—pit—pat—the goblin went,  
As it had done before  
Her strength and resolution spent,  
She fainted at the door

Out came her husband, much surprised,  
Out came her daughter dear,  
Good-natured souls ! all unadvised  
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,  
Some short space o'er the green,  
And there the little trotting sprite  
Distinctly might be seen

An ass's foal had lost its dam  
Within the spacious park,  
And, simple as a playful lamb,  
Had followed in the dark

No goblin he, no imp of sin,  
No crimes had ever known,—  
They took the shaggy stranger in  
And reared him as their own


His little hoofs would rattle round  
Upon the cottage floor,  
The matron learned to love the sound  
That frightened her before

A favourite the ghost became,  
And 'twas his fate to thrive,  
And long he lived, and spread his fame,  
And kept the joke alive,

For many a laugh went through the vale,  
And some conviction too—  
Each thought some other goblin tale  
Perhaps was just as true

*R Bloomfield,*

## FOLDING THE FLOCKS


HEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,  
Fold your flocks up, for the air  
'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
Already his great course hath run  
See the dew-drops how they kiss  
Every little flower that is,  
Hanging on their velvet heads,  
Like a rope of crystal beads  
See the heavy clouds low-falling,  
And bright Hesperus down calling  
The dead Night from underground,  
At whose rising, mists unsound,  
Damps and vapours, fly apace  
Hovering o'er the wanton face  
Of these pastures, where they come  
Striking dead both bud and bloom  
Therefore, from such danger, lock  
Every one his lovèd flock,  
And let your dogs lie loose without,  
Lest the wolf come as a scout  
From the mountain, and, ere day,  
Bear a lamb or kid away,  
Or the crafty thievish fox  
Break upon your simple flocks.  
To secure yourselves from these,  
Be not too secure in ease,  
So shall you good shepherds prove,  
And deserve your master's love

Now good night ! May sweetest slumbers  
And soft silence fall in numbers  
On your eye-lids so farewell  
Thus I end my evening's knell

*J Fletcher*

xxxv

JOHN BARLEYCORN

 HERE went three kings into the east  
Three kings both great and high ,  
And they have sworn a solemn oath,  
John Barleycorn should die

They took a plough and ploughed him down,  
Put clods upon his head,  
And they have sworn a solemn oath,  
John Barleycorn was dead

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,  
And showers began to fall ,  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surprised them all

The sultry suns of summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong ,  
His head well armed with pointed spears,  
That no one should him wrong

The sober autumn entered mild,  
And he grew wan and pale ,  
His bending joints and drooping head  
Showed he began to fail

His colour sickened more and more,  
He faded into age ,  
And then his enemies began,  
To show their deadly rage

They took a weapon long and sharp,  
And cut him by the knee ,  
And tied him fast upon a cart,  
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgelled him full sore ,  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turned him o'er and o'er

They fillèd up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim ,  
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,  
There let him sink or swim

They laid him out upon the floor,  
To work him further woe  
And still, as signs of life appeared,  
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame  
The marrow of his bones ,  
But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he crushed him between two stones

And they have ta'en his very heart's blood  
And drunk it round and round ,—  
And so farewell, John Barleycorn !  
Thy fate thou now hast found

*Old Ballad*

XXXVI

THE LADY-BIRD IN THE FIELDS



LADY-BIRD ! lady-bird ! fly away home,  
The field-mouse has gone to her nest ,  
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,  
And the bees and the birds are at rest

Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home,  
The glow-worm is lighting his lamp ,  
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings  
Will be wet with the close-clinging damp

Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home,  
The fairy-bells tinkle afar ,  
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast,  
With a cobweb to Oberon's car

*Anon*

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.



UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
 The village smithy stands ,  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ,  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
 His face is like the tan ,  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
 He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
 For he owes not any man

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow ,  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
 With measured beat and slow,  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
 When the evening sun is low

And children coming home from school  
 Look in at the open door ;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ,  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ,  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes


Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ,  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ,  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ,  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought !

*H. W. Longfellow.*



## THE FROST SPIRIT.


 HE comes—he comes—the frost spirit comes !  
 You may trace his footsteps now  
 On the naked woods, and the blasted fields,  
 And the broad hill's withered brow  
 He has smitten the leaves of the grey old trees  
 Where their pleasant green came forth,  
 And the winds which follow wherever he goes,  
 Have shaken them down to earth

He comes—he comes—the frost spirit comes !  
 From the frozen Labrador—  
 From the icy bridge of the Northern Seas,  
 Which the white bear wanders o'er—  
 Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,  
 And the luckless forms below  
 In the sunless cold of the atmosphere  
 Into marble statues grow !

He comes—he comes—the frost spirit comes !  
 On the rushing northern blast,  
 And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed  
 As his fearful breath went past  
 With an unscorched wing he has hurried on,  
 Where the fires of Hecla glow  
 On the darkly beautiful sky above  
 And the ancient ice below


He comes—he comes—the frost spirit comes !  
And the quiet lake shall feel  
The torpid touch of his glazing breath,  
And ring to the skater's heel ,  
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,  
Or sang to the leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to the winter's chain  
And in mournful silence pass

He comes—he comes—the frost spirit comes !  
Let us meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlour fire  
His evil power away ,  
And gather closer the circle round,  
When that fire-light dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend  
As his sounding wing goes by !

*T. Whittier.*

## XXXIX

## THE MINSTREL BOY

HE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him,  
His father's sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him  
"Land of song !" said the warrior bard,  
"Though all the world betrays thee,  
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee !"

The Minstrel fell ! but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring his proud soul under  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder ,  
 And said, " No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery !  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
 They shall never sound in slavery ! "

*T Moore*

XL

THE THREE SONS



HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years  
 old,  
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and  
 mind of gentle mould ,  
 They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,  
 That my child is grave and wise of head, beyond his  
 childish years  
 I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,  
 And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and  
 serious air ,  
 I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,  
 And loveth too his mother dear, with grateful fervency  
 But that which others most admire is the thought that  
 fills his mind,  
 The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere  
 doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together  
walk,  
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as  
children talk,  
Nor cares he much for childish play, doats not on bat  
or ball,  
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly  
mimics all  
His little head is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed  
With thoughts about this world of care, and thoughts  
about the next  
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him  
to pray,  
And strange, and sweet, and solemn are the words  
which he will say  
Oh ! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's  
years like me,  
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be,  
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his  
thoughtful brow,  
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose  
him now

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three,  
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,  
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles  
on my knee  
I do not think his light blue eyes are, like his brother's,  
keen,  
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath  
ever been,

But his little heart's a fountain pure of mind and  
tender feeling,  
And his very look's a gleam of light, rich depths of  
love revealing  
When he walks with me, the country folks, who pass  
him in the street,  
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild  
and sweet  
A playfellow he is to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,  
Will sing his song of love, when left to play alone  
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden home  
and hearth,  
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our  
mirth  
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart  
may prove  
As meet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly  
love,  
And if beside his grave the tears our aching eyes may  
dim,  
God comfort us for all the love that we shall lose in him

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot  
tell,  
For they reckon not by months and years, where he is  
gone to dwell,  
To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles  
were given,  
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live  
in heaven.


I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth  
now,  
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph  
brow •  
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which  
he doth feel,  
Are numbered with the secret things which God will  
not reveal  
But I know, for God doth tell me this, that now he is  
at rest,  
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's  
loving breast,  
I know his spirit feels no more the weary load of flesh,  
But his sleep is blest with endless dreams of joy for  
ever fresh  
I know that we shall meet our babe, his mother dear,  
and I,  
When God himself shall wipe away all tears from  
every eye  
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never  
cease,  
Their lot may here be grief and care, but his is certain  
peace  
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from  
bliss may sever,  
But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours for  
ever  
When we think of what our darling is, and what we  
still may be,  
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this  
world's misery,

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this  
 grief and pain,  
 Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him  
 here again.

*J. Moultre*

XLI

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

OME, take up your hats, and away let us haste  
 To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's  
 feast,

The trumpeter Gad-fly has summoned the crew,  
 And the revels are now only waiting for you

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the side of a wood,  
 Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,  
 See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,  
 For an evening's amusement together repair

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,  
 Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back,  
 And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,  
 And all their relations, green, orange, and blue

And there came the Moth, in his plumage of down,  
 And the Hornet, in jacket of yellow and brown,  
 Who with him the Wasp his companion did bring,  
 But they promised that evening to lay by their sting

And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,  
And led to the feast his blind brother, the Mole,  
And the Snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell  
Came from a great distance—the length of an ell

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid  
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made  
The viands were various, to each of their taste,  
And the Bee brought his honey to crown the repast

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,  
The Frog from a corner looked up to the skies,  
And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,  
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in a tree

Then out came a Spider, with fingers so fine,  
To show his dexterity on the tight line,  
From one branch to another his cobweb he slung  
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along

But just in the middle, oh ! shocking to tell !  
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell,  
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons  
    outspread,  
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread

Then the Grasshopper came, with a jerk and a spring,  
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing,  
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,  
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.



With steps quite majestic, the Snail did advance,  
 And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ,  
 But they all laughed so loud, that he pulled in his head,  
 And went in his own little chamber to bed


Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,  
 Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his  
     light ,

Then home let us hasten while yet we can see,  
 For no watchman is waiting for you and for me

*Roscoe*

XLII.

THE ARAB TO HIS FAVOURITE STEED.

Y beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly  
     by,  
 With thy proudly arched and glossy neck,  
     and dark and fiery eye,  
 Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged  
     speed,  
 I may not mount on thee `again—thou'rt sold, my  
     Arab steed !

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the  
     breezy wind—

The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind ,  
 The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath  
     his gold—

Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell , thou'rt sold, my  
     steed, thou'rt sold

Farewell ! those free, untired limbs full many a mile  
must roam,  
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the  
stranger's home ,  
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and  
bed prepare,  
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care '  
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more  
with thee  
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were  
wont to be ,  
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy  
plain  
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me  
home again

Yes, thou must go ! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant  
sun and sky,  
Thy master's house—from all of these my exiled one  
must fly ,  
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step  
become less fleet,  
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's  
hand to meet  
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing  
bright, —  
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light.  
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer  
thy speed,  
Then must I, starting, wake to feel,—thou'rt *soïd*, my  
Arab steed !

Ah ! rudely, then, unseen by me, some cruel hand  
may chide,  
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy  
panting side  
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indig-  
nant pain,  
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each  
starting vein  
*Will* they ill-use thee ? If I thought— but no, it  
cannot be—  
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed , so gentle, yet so  
free  
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart  
should yearn—  
Can the hand which casts thee from it now command  
thee to return ?

*Return* ! alas ! my Arab steed ! what shall thy master do,  
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanished from  
his view ?  
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through  
the gathering tears,  
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage  
appears ,  
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary step alone,  
Where, with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft  
hast borne me on ,  
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and  
sadly think,  
“It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I  
saw him drink ! ”

*When last I saw thee drink '—Away ' the fevered  
 dream is o'er—  
 I could not live a day, and know that we should meet  
 no more '—  
 They tempted me, my beautiful '—for hunger's power  
 is strong—  
 They tempted me, my beautiful ' but I have loved too  
 long  
 Who said that I had given thee up ? who said that  
 thou wast sold ?  
 'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed ' I fling them  
 back their gold '  
 Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and scour the  
 distant plains ,  
 Away ! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his  
 pains '—*

*C Norton*

XLIII

LITTLE BIRDIE




HAT does little birdie say  
 In her nest at peep of day ?  
 Let me fly, says little birdie,  
 Mother let me fly away  
 Birdie, rest a little longer,  
 Till the little wings are stronger  
 So she rests a little longer,  
 Then she flies away

What does little baby say,  
 In her bed at peep of day ?  
 Baby says, like little birdie,  
     Let me rise and fly away.  
 Baby, sleep a little longer,  
 Till the little limbs are stronger  
 If she sleeps a little longer,  
     Baby too shall fly away

*A Tennyson*

XLIV

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

“ND wherefore do the poor complain ?”  
     The rich man asked of me, —  
 “Come walk abroad with me,” I id,  
     “ And I will answer thee ”

’Twas evening, and the frozen streets  
     Were cheerless to behold ,  
 And we were wrapped and coated well,  
     And yet we were a-cold

We met an old, bare-headed man,  
     His locks were few and white ,  
 I asked him what he did abroad  
     In that cold winter’s night

’Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,  
     But at home no fire had he,  
 And therefore he had come abroad  
     To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,  
And she begged loud and bold,  
I asked her what she did abroad  
When the wind it blew so cold

She said her father was at home,  
And he lay sick in bed,  
And therefore was it she was sent  
Abroad to beg for bread

We saw a woman sitting down  
Upon a stone to rest,  
She had a baby at her back  
And another at her breast

I asked her why she loitered there,  
When the night-wind was so chill,  
She turned her head, and bade the child  
That screamed behind, be still.

She told us that her husband served,  
A soldier, far away,  
And therefore to her parish she  
Was begging back her way

I turned me to the rich man then,  
For silently stood he,—  
“You asked me why the poor complain,  
And these have answered thee!”

*R. Southey*

THE FORCE OF PRAYER,  
OR,  
THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY  
A TRADITION

“**W**hat is ood for a bootless bene?”

With these dark words begins my tale,  
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring,  
When prayer is of no avail?

“**W**hat is ood for a bootless bene?”

The falconer to the lady said,  
And she made answer, “ENDLESS SORROW!”  
For she knew that her son was dead

She knew it by the Falconer’s words,  
And from the look of the Falconer’s eye,  
And from the love which was in her soul  
For her youthful Romilly

—Young Romilly through Barden Woods  
Is ranging high and low,  
And holds a greyhound in a leash,  
To let slip upon buck or doe

And the pair have reach’d that fearful chasm,  
How tempting to bestride!  
For lordly Wharf is there pent in  
With rocks on either side

This striding-place is call'd THE STRID,  
A name which it took of yore  
A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
And shall a thousand more

And hither is young Romilly come,  
And what may now forbid  
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
Shall bound across THE STRID ?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he  
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep?—  
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,  
And checked him in his leap

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
And strangled by a merciless force ,  
For never more was young Romilly seen  
Till he rose a lifeless corse

Now there is stillness in the vale,  
And long, unspeaking sorrow  
Wharf shall be, to pitying hearts,  
A name more sad than Yarrow

If for a lover the Lady wept,  
A solace she might borrow  
From death, and from the passion of death ,  
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.



She weeps not for the wedding-day  
Which was to be to-morrow .  
Her hope was a further-looking hope,  
And hers is a mother's sorrow

He was a tree that stood alone,  
And proudly did its branches wave ,  
And the root of this delightful tree  
Was in her husband's grave !

Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
And her first words were, " Let there be  
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
A stately priory ! "

The stately priory was reared,  
And Wharf, as he moved along,  
To matins joined a mournful voice,  
Nor failed at evensong

And the lady prayed in heaviness  
That looked not for relief !  
But slowly did her succour come,  
And a patience to her grief

Oh ! there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a timely end,  
If but to God we turn and ask  
Of Him to be our friend !

*W Wordsworth.*

THE FAIRY QUEEN.



OME, follow, follow me,  
You, Fairy elves that be,  
That cicle round this green,

Come follow Mab your queen,  
Hand in hand let's dance around,  
For this place is Fairy ground

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest,  
Unheard, and unespied,  
Through key-holes we do glide,  
Over tables, stools, and shelves  
We trip it with our Fairy elves

And, if the house be foul  
Of platter, dish, or bowl,  
Upstairs we numbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep,  
Then we pinch their arms and thighs  
None escapes, nor none espies

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duly she is paid,  
For we use before we go  
To drop a tester\* in her shoe

*Tester*—Sixpence

Upon a mushroom's head  
Our table-cloth we spread,  
A grain of rye or wheat  
Is manchet\* that we eat  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn cups fill'd to the brim.

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous juice of snails,  
Between two cockles stew'd,  
Is meat that's easily chew'd,  
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice  
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrels three  
Grace said, we dance awhile,  
And so the time beguile  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The glowworm lights us home to bed

On tops of dewy grass  
So nimbly do we pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk,  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.

*Old Ballad, 1635*

\* *Manchet*—best kind of white bread.

WE ARE SEVEN



SIMPLE child

That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage Girl

She was eight years old, she said ;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That cluster'd round her head

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad ,  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ,  
—Her beauty made me glad

“ Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
How many may you be ? ”

“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,  
And wondering looked at me

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”  
She answer'd, “ Seven are we ,  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother ,  
And, in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.”

" You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be ? "

Then did the little maid reply,  
" Seven boys and guls are we ,  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree."

" You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ,  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five "

" Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little Maid replied ,  
" Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

" My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them

" And often after sun-set, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

" The first that died was sister Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain ;  
And then she went away

"So in the churchyard she was laid,  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side"

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
Quick was the little Maid's reply,  
"O Master! we are seven"

"But they are dead, those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

*W Wordsworth*

XLVIII

THE AMBITIOUS WEED



N idle weed that used to crawl  
Unseen behind the garden wall,  
(Its most becoming station,)  
At last, refreshed by sun and showers,  
Which nourish weeds, as well as flowers,  
Amused its solitary hours  
With thoughts of elevation

These thoughts encouraged day by day,  
It shot forth many an upward spray,  
    And many a tendril band ,  
But as it could not climb alone,  
It uttered oft a lazy groan  
To moss and mortar, stick and stone,  
    To lend a helping hand

At length, by friendly arms sustained,  
The aspiring vegetable gained  
    The object of its labours  
That which had cost her many a sigh,  
And nothing else would satisfy—  
Which was not only being *high*  
    But *higher* than her neighbours

And now this weed, though weak, and spent  
With climbing up the steep ascent,  
    Admired her figure tall  
And then (for vanity ne'er ends  
With that which it at first intends)  
Began to laugh at those poor friends  
    Who helped her up the wall

But by and by, my lady spied  
The garden on the other side  
    And fallen was her ciest,  
To see, in neat array below,  
A bed of all the flowers that blow—  
Lily and rose—a goodly show,  
    In fairest colours drest

Recovering from her first surprise,  
She soon began to criticise —

“A dainty sight, indeed !  
I'd be the meanest thing that blows  
Rather than that affected Rose ,  
So much perfume offends my nose,”  
Exclaimed the vulgar weed

“Well, 'tis enough to make one chilly,  
To see that pale consumptive Lily  
Among these painted folks  
Miss Tulip too looks wondrous odd,  
She's gaping like a dying cod,—  
What a queer stick is Golden-Rod !  
And how the Violet pokes !

“Not for the gayest tint that lingers  
On Honeysuckle's rosy fingers,  
Would I with her exchange  
Since this, at least, is very clear,  
Since they are there, and I am here,  
I occupy a higher sphere—  
Enjoy a wider range ”

Alas ! poor envious weed !—for lo,  
That instant came the gardener's hoe  
And lopped her from her sphere  
But none lamented when she fell ,  
No passing Zephyr sighed, “Farewell ,  
No friendly Bee would hum her knell ,  
No Fairy dropt a tear,—



While those sweet flowers of genuine worth,  
 Inclining toward the modest earth,  
     Adorn the vale below,  
 Content to hide in sylvan dells  
 Their rosy buds and purple bells,  
 Though scarce a rising Zephyr tells  
     The secret where they grow

*Jane Taylor*

XLIX

THE MILKMAID.



MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on her  
     head,

Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is  
     said

“Let me see—I should think that this milk will pro-  
     cure

One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure

“Well then—stop-a-bit—it must not be forgotten,  
 Some of these may be broken, and some may be  
     rotten,

But if twenty for accident should be detached,  
 It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched

“Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean  
 Of these some may die—we’ll suppose seventeen,  
 Seventeen ! not so many—say ten at the most,  
 Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast

" But then, there's then barley, how much will they need?

Why they take but one grain at a time when they feed—

So that's a mere trifle, now then, let us see,  
At a fair market price how much money there'll be

" Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,  
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix  
Now what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—  
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned

" O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a *pair* I must sell 'em,

Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em,  
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain! )  
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain

" Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is  
That I can't reckon up such money as this!  
Well there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—  
I'll say twenty pounds, *and it can't be no less*

" Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,  
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow,  
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,  
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear "

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,  
The maid superciliously tossed up her head,  
When, alas for her prospects!—her milk-pail descended,

And so all her schemes for the future were ended

his moral, I think, may be safely attached,—  
 ‘Reckon not on you chickens before they are  
 hatched’

*Jeffreys Taylor.*

# L

## THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF



H, call my brother back to me !

I cannot play alone ,

The summer comes with flower and bee—

Where is my brother gone ?

“ The butterfly is glancing bright  
 Across the sunbeam's track ,  
 I care not now to chase its flight—  
 Oh, call my brother back !

“ The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed  
 Around our garden-tree ,  
 Our vine is drooping with its load—  
 Oh, call him back to me ! ”

“ He would not hear my voice, fair child !  
 He may not come to thee ,  
 The face that once like spring-time smiled  
 On earth no more thou'lt see

“ A rose's brief, bright life of joy,  
 Such unto him was given ,  
 Go—thou must play alone, my boy !  
 Thy brother is in heaven ”


“ And has he left the birds and flowers ,  
And must I call in vain ?  
And through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again ?

“ And by the brook, and in the glade,  
Are all our wanderings o’er ?  
Oh, while my brother with me played,  
Would I had loved him more !”

*F Hemans*

LL

THE HAREBELL AND THE FOXGLOVE

 N a valley obscure, on a bank of green shade  
A sweet little Harebell her dwelling had made  
Her roof was a woodbine, that tastefully spread  
Its close-woven tendrils, o’er-arching her head ,  
Her bed was of moss that each morning made new  
She dined on a sunbeam, and supped on the dew ,  
Her neighbour, the Nightingale, sung her to rest,  
And care had ne’er planted a thorn in her breast

One morning she saw on the opposite side,  
A Foxglove displaying his colours of pride ,  
She gazed on his form, that in stateliness grew,  
And envied his height and his beautiful hue ,  
She marked how the flowrets all gave way before him  
While they pressed round her dwelling with far less  
decorum

Dissatisfied, jealous, and peevish she grows,  
And the sight of this Foxglove destroys her repose ,

She tires of her vesture, and, swelling with spleen,  
Cries, "Ne'er such a dowdy blue mantle was seen!"  
Nor keeps to herself any longer her pain,  
But thus to a Primrose begins to complain  
'I envy your mood that can patient abide  
The respect paid that Foxglove, his airs and his pride  
There you sit, still the same, with your colourless cheek,  
But you have no spirit—would I were as meek!"

The Primrose, good-humoured, replied, "If you knew  
More about him—(remember I'm older than you,  
And, better instructed, can tell you his tale)—  
You would envy him least of all flowers in this vale,  
With all his fine airs and his dazzling show,  
No flower more baneful and odious can blow,  
And the reason the others before him give way,  
Is because they all hate him, and shrink from his sway

To stay near him long would be fading or death,  
For he scatters a pest with his venomous breath,  
While the flowers that you fancy are crowding you there,  
Spring round you delighted your converse to share,  
His flame-coloured robe is imposing, 'tis true,  
Yet who likes it so well as your mantle of blue?  
For we know that of innocence one is the vest,  
The other the cloak of a treacherous breast


I see your surprise—but I know him full well,  
And have numbered his victims as fading they fell;  
He blighted twin violets that under him lay,  
And poisoned a sister of mine the same day"

The Primrose was silent , the Harebell, 'tis said,  
Inclined for a moment her beautiful head,  
But quickly recovered her spirits, and then  
Declared that she ne'er would feel envy again

*Anon*

LII

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF  
CANTERBURY

N ancient story I'll tell you anon,  
Of a notable prince that was called King  
John ,  
And he ruled England with main and with might,  
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ,  
How for his housekeeping and high renown,  
They rode post for him to fair London town

A hundred men, the King did hear say,  
The Abbot kept in his house every day ,  
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,  
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about

" How now, father Abbot, I hear it of thee,  
Thou keepest a far better house than me ,  
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,  
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown "

"My liege," quoth the Abbot, "I would it were known,

I never spend nothing but what is my own ,  
And I trust your grace will do me no deere\*  
For spending of my own true gotten geere "

"Yes, yes, father Abbot, thy fault it is high,  
And now for the same thou needest must die ,  
For except thou canst answer me questions thiee,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie

"And first," quoth the King, "when I'm in this  
stead,

With my crown of gold so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth

' Secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
How soon I may ride the whole world about  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think "

"O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet ,  
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,  
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace "

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ,  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me "

\* Deere— hurt

Away rode the Abbot, all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford,  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer devise

Then home rode the Abbot of comfort so cold,  
And he met his shepheard a going to fold;  
"How now, my lord Abbot, you are welcome home,  
What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, Shepheard, I must give,  
That I have but three days more to live,  
For if I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be smitten from my bodie

' The first is to tell him there in that stead,  
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,  
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,  
To within one penny of what he is worth

"The second, to tell him, without any doubt,  
How soon he may ride this whole world about,  
And at the third question I must not shrink,  
But tell him there truly what he does think "

"Now cheer up, Sir Abbot, did you never hear yet  
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?  
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,  
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel

"Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,  
I am like your lordship as ever may be,  
And if you will but lend me your gown,  
There is none shall know us in fair London town."



"Now horses and serving men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,  
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,  
Fit to appear 'fore our father, the Pope "

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," the King he did say,  
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day  
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,  
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,  
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,  
Tell me to one penny what I am worth "

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold  
Among the false Jews, as I have been told  
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,  
For I think thou art one penny worser than He "

The King he laughed, and swore by St Bittel,\*  
"I did not think I had been worth so little !  
Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
How soon I may ride this whole world about "

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,  
Until the next morning he riseth again ,  
And then your grace need not make any doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about "

The King he laughed, and swore by St Jone,  
"I did not think it could be gone so soon  
Now from the thurd question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think "

\* Meaning probably St Botolph

Yea, that I shall do, and make your grace merry,  
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury,  
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me"

The King he laughed, and swore by the mass,  
"I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place."  
"Nay, nay, my liege, be not in such speed,  
For alack, I can neither write nor read"

"Four nobles a-week, then, I will give thee,  
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me,  
And tell the old Abbot, when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King  
John"

*Old Ballad*

LIII

SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL



It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it  
looks,

There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and  
sunshine on the brooks,

A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,  
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness every-  
where!

Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the  
woods,

To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the  
opening buds,  
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-  
tree's root,  
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented  
fruit?

They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief  
to me,  
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye  
can see,  
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy  
and gem,  
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them

When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are  
mine,  
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild  
vine,  
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bind-weed, and  
the rose,  
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than  
those

And then the fruit! the glowing fruit! how sweet the  
scent it breathes!  
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green  
leaves!  
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may  
share,  
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.

Oh ! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds  
and sights,  
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm  
delights,  
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,  
And all the winter long I sing—" Sweet summer come  
again ! "

*Anon*

## LIV

## RURAL ARCHITECTURE



HERE'S George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and  
Reginald Shore,

Three rosy-cheeked schoolboys, the highest  
not more

Than the height of a counsellor's bag,  
To the top of GREAT HOW\* did it please them to climb,  
And there they built up, without mortar or lime,  
A Man on the peak of the crag

They built him of stones gathered up as they lay  
They built him and christened him all in one day,  
An urchin both vigorous and hale,  
And so without scruple they called him Ralph Jones  
Now Ralph is renowned for the length of his bones,  
The Magog of Legberthwaite dale

" Great How " is a single and conspicuous hill, which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on the western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside

Just half a week after, the wind sallied forth,  
 And, in anger or merriment, out of the north,  
 Coming on with a terrible pothei,  
 From the peak of the crag blew the giant away  
 And what did these schoolboys?—The very next day  
 They went and they built up another

*W Wordsworth.*


LV

UNFOLDING THE FLOCKS

**S**HEPHERDS, rise, and shake off sleep—  
 See the blushing morn doth peep  
 Through your windows, while the sun  
 To the mountain-tops has run,  
 Gilding all the vales below  
 With the rising flames, which grow  
 Brighter with his climbing still—  
 Up ! ye lazy swains ! and fill  
 Bag and bottle for the field ,  
 Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield  
 To the bitter north-east wind  
 Call the maidens up, and find  
 Who lies longest, that she may  
 Be chidden for untimed delay  
 Feed your faithful dogs, and pray  
 Heaven to keep you from decay,  
 So unfold, and then away

*J Fletcher.*

## THE SEA

EAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious,  
Mild, majestic, foaming, free—  
Over time itself victorious,  
Image of eternity !

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,  
See thy surface ebb and flow ,  
Yet attempt not to explore thee  
In thy soundless depths below

Whether morning's splendours steep thee  
With the rainbow's glowing grace,  
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,  
'Tis but for a moment's space

Earth—her valleys and her mountains,  
Mortal man's behests obey ,  
Thy unfathomable fountains  
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway

Such art thou—stupendous ocean !  
But, if overwhelmed by thee,  
Can we think, without emotion,  
What must thy Creator be !

*B. Barton*

## DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S HOST

**T**HE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset was seen ,  
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
 And breathed on the face of the foe as he past,  
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew  
 still

And there lay the steed with his nostril spread wide,  
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ,  
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf


And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ,  
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone  
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord

*Byron*

LVIII

THE VOICE OF SPRING

 AM coming, I am coming !—  
Hark ! the little bee is humming ,  
See, the lark is soaring high  
In the blue and sunny sky ,  
And the gnats are on the wing  
Wheeling round in airy ring

See the yellow catkins cover  
All the slender willows over ,  
And on banks of mossy green  
Star-like primroses are seen ,  
And, their clustering leaves below,  
White and purple violets blow

Hark ! the new-born lambs are bleating,  
And the cawing rooks are meeting  
In the elms—a noisy crowd !  
All the birds are singing loud ,  
And the first white butterfly  
In the sunshine dances by



Look around thee—look around !  
Flowers in all the fields abound ,  
Every running stream is bright ,  
All the orchard trees are white,  
And each small and waving shoot  
Promises sweet flowers and fruit

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven !  
God for thee the Spring has given,  
Taught the birds their melodies,  
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies  
For thy pleasure or thy food —  
Pour thy soul in gratitude !

*M Howitt*

LIX

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM




NIGHTINGALE, that all day long  
Had cheered the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel,—as well he might,—  
The keen demands of appetite ,  
When, looking eagerly around,  
He spied, far off, upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ,  
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop

The worm, aware of his intent,  
Harangued him thus, quite eloquent—  
“ Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,  
“ As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song,  
For 'twas the self-same power divine  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine,  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night.”  
The songster heard his short oration,  
And, warbling out his approbation,  
Released him as my story tells,  
And found a supper somewhere else

*W Cowper.*

LX.

HYMN.

REAT God ! how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new,  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil, like early dew

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours !  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers

I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days ,  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise

*Watts*

## LXI

## BABY SLEEPS

"She is not dead, but sleepeth"—*Luke vii. 52*

**T**HE Baby wept,  
The Mother took it from the nurse's arms  
And hushed its fears, and soothed its vain  
alarms,  
And Baby slept.

Again it weeps,  
And God doth take it from the Mother's arms  
From present griefs, and future unknown harms,  
And Baby sleeps

*S Hinds*

## LXII

## THE FROST

**T**HE Frost looked forth, one still clear night,  
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight ;  
So through the valley and over the height,  
In silence I'll take my way

I will not go on like that blustering train,  
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,  
Who make so much bustle and noise in van,  
But I'll be as busy as they "

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,  
He lit on the trees, and then boughs he dressed  
In diamond beads—and over the breast  
Of the quivering lake he spread  
A coat of mail, that it need not fear  
The downward point of many a spear  
That he hung on its margin, far and near,  
Where a rock could rear its head

He went to the windows of those who slept,  
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept ,  
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,  
By the light of the moon were seen  
Most beautiful things —there were flowers and trees,  
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees ,  
There were cities with temples and towers, and these  
All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair ,  
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there  
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—

" Now just to set them a thinking,  
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,  
" This costly pitcher I'll baist in three,  
And the glass of water they've left for me  
Shall '*tschick* ' to tell them I'm drinking "

*Gould.*

## WILLIAM TELL \*



OME, list to me, and you shall hear

A tale of what befel\*

A famous man of Switzerland,

His name was WILLIAM TELL.

Near Reuss's bank, from day to day,

His little flock he led,

By prudent thrift, and hardy toil,

Content to earn his bread

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown ,

In Uri none was seen

To track the rock-frequenting herd

With eye so true and keen

A little son was in his home,

A laughing, fair-haired boy ,

So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,

He made it ring with joy

His father's sheep were all his friends,

The lambs he called by name ,

And when they frolicked in the fields,

The child would share the game

\* In the centre of the little town of Altorf, near the lake of Lucerne, there stands a stone fountain, surmounted with the figures of William Tell and his son. It is said to cover the spot on which the father stood when he took aim at the apple on his child's head.

So peacefully their hours were spent  
That life had scarce a sorrow,  
They took the good of every day,  
And hoped for more to-morrow

But oft some shining April morn  
Is darkened in an hour,  
And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes  
Alas ! unseen may lower

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned  
Her day of liberty,  
The stranger's yoke was on her sons,  
And pressed right heavily

So one was sent in luckless hour,  
To rule in Austria's name,  
A haughty man of savage mood,—  
In pomp and pride he came

One day, in wantonness of power,  
He set his cap on high,—  
"Bow down, ye slaves," the order ran,  
"Who disobeys shall die !"

It chanced that WILLIAM TELL, that morn  
Had left his cottage home,  
And, with his little son in hand,  
To Altorf town had come

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil,  
His father homeward bore,  
And prayed to join the hunting crew,  
When they should roam for more

And often on some merry night,  
When wondrous feats were told,  
He longed his father's bow to take,  
And be a hunter bold

So towards the Chamois' haunts they went,—  
*One* sang his childish songs,  
The *other* brooded mournfully  
O'er Uri's griefs and wrongs.

TELL saw the crowd, the lifted cap,  
The tyrant's angry frown,—  
And heralds shouted in his ear,  
“Bow down, ye slaves, bow down !”

Stern Gesler marked the peasant's mien,  
And watched to see him fall ,  
But never palm-tree straighter stood  
Than TELL before them all

“My knee shall bend,” he calmly said,  
“To God, and God alone ,  
My life is in the Austrian's hand,  
My conscience is my own ”

“Seize him, ye guards,” the ruler cried,  
While passion choked his breath ,  
“He mocks my power, he braves my lord,  
He dies the traitor's death.

“Yet wait    The Swiss are marksmen true,  
So all the world doth say ,  
That fan-haired stripling hither bring ,  
We'll try then skill to-day ”

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood,  
To this the youth was bound ,  
They placed an apple on his head ,—  
He looked in wonder round

“ The fault is mine, if fault there be,”  
Cried TELL in accents wild ,  
“ On manhood let your vengeance fall,  
But spare, oh spare my child ! ”

“ I will not harm the pretty boy,”  
Said Gesler tauntingly ,  
“ If blood of his shall stain the ground,  
*Yours* will the murder be

“ Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,  
Your straightest arrow take ,  
For, know, yon apple is your mark,  
Your liberty the stake ”

A mingled noise of wrath and grief  
Was heard among the crowd ,  
The men, they muttered curses deep,  
The women wept aloud

Full fifty paces from his child,  
His cross-bow in his hand,  
With lip compressed, and flashing eye  
TELL firmly took his stand

Sure, full enough of pain and woe  
This crowded earth has been ,  
But never, since the curse began,  
So sad a sight was seen



The noble boy stood bravely up,  
His cheek unblanched with fear ,  
"Shoot straight," he cried, "thine aim is sure,  
It will not fail thee here "

"Heaven bless thee now," the parent said,  
"Thy courage shames me quite ,"

Then to his ear the shaft he drew,  
And watched its whizzing flight

"'Tis done, 'tis done, the child is safe !"  
Shouted the multitude

"Man tramples on his brother man,  
But God is ever good "

For, sure enough, the arrow went,  
As by an angel guided ,  
In pieces two, beneath the tree,  
The apple fell divided

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,  
"My plighted word I keep ,  
'Twas bravely done by sire and son—  
Go home, and feed your sheep "

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"  
The peasant coldly said ,

"To God alone my praise is due,  
And duly shall be paid

"Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near,  
Had I but missed my aim ,  
Not unavenged my child had died,  
Thy parting hour the same


"For, see ! a *second* shaft was here,  
If harm my boy befel ,  
Now go and bless the heavenly powers,  
My *first* has sped so well "

GOD helped the right, GOD spared the sin,  
HE brings the proud to shame,  
HE guards the weak against the strong,—  
Praise to his Holy name !

*J H Gurney*

LXIV

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

HE stately Homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand !  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land  
The deer across their greensward bound  
Through shade and sunny gleam,  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream

The merry Homes of England !  
Around their hearths by night,  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light !  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood's tale is told,  
Or lips move tunefully along  
Some glorious page of old


The blessed Homes of England !  
How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath hours !  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
Floats through their woods at morn ,  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born

The Cottage Homes of England !  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet-fanes  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves ,  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves

The free, fair Homes of England !  
Long, long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall !  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God !

*F Hemans*

## OLD CHRISTMAS

OW he who knows old Christmas,  
 He knows a carle of worth,  
 For he is as good a fellow,  
 As any upon the earth !

He comes warm cloaked and coated,  
 And buttoned up to the chin,  
 And soon as he comes a-nigh the door  
 'Twill open and let him in

We know that he will not fail us,  
 So we sweep the hearth up clean,  
 We set him the old arm-chair,  
 And a cushion whereon to lean

And with sprigs of holly and ivy  
 We make the house look gay,  
 Just out of an old regard to him,—  
 For it was his ancient way

He comes with a cordial voice,  
 That does one good to hear,  
 He shakes one heartily by the hand,  
 As he hath done many a year

And after the little children  
 He asks in a cheerful tone,  
 Jack, Kate, and little Annie,—  
 He remembers them every one !

What a fine old fellow he is !  
 With his faculties all as clear,  
 And his heart as warm and light,  
 As a man in his fortieth year !

What a fine old fellow, in troth,  
 Not one of your griping elves,  
 Who, with plenty of money to spare,  
 Think only about themselves.


Not he ! for he loveth the children,  
 And holiday begs for all ,  
 And comes with his pockets full of gifts,  
 For the great ones and the small !

And he tells us witty old stories ,  
 And singeth with might and main ,  
 And we talk of the old man's visit  
 Till the day that he comes again !

*M. Howitt*

LXVI

GOD PROVIDETH FOR THE MORROW.

 O the lilies of the field,  
 How their leaves instruction yield !  
 Hark to Nature's lesson, given  
 By the blessed birds of heaven !  
 Every bush and tufted tree  
 Warbles sweet philosophy —  
 " Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :  
 God provideth for the morrow !

" Say, with richer crimson glows  
The kingly mantle, than the rose ?  
Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
Than we poor citizens of air ?  
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
Yet we carol merrily ,  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow .  
God provideth for the morrow !

" One there lives whose guardian eye  
Guides our humble destiny ,  
One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
Keeps our feathers, lest they fall  
Pass we blithely, then, the time,  
Fearless of the snare and lime,  
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow !"

*R. Heber.*

LXVII

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.



FORWARD hare, of swiftness vain,  
The genius of the neighbouring plain,  
Would oft deride the drudging crowd,—  
For geniuses are ever proud  
He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,  
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow,—  
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,  
Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.

A tortoise heard his vain oration,  
 And vented thus his indignation  
 "O puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace  
 When I defy thee to the race  
 Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,  
 I lay my shell upon the trial"  
 'Twas "done" and "done," "all fair," "a bet,"  
 Judges prepared, and distance set  
 The scampering hare outstripped the wind,  
 The creeping tortoise lagged behind,  
 And scarce had passed a single pole  
 When puss had almost reached the goal  
 "Friend tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,  
 "Your burden's more than you can bear,  
 To help you speed it were as well  
 That I should ease you of your shell,  
 Jog on a little faster, prithee  
 I'll take a nap and then be with thee"  
 The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,  
 But still resolved to persevere,  
 On to the goal securely crept,  
 While puss, unknowing, soundly slept  
 The bets were won, the hare awoke,  
 When thus the victor tortoise spoke  
 "Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,  
 Things are not always done by starts  
 You may deride my awkward pace,  
 But *slow* and *steady* wins the race!"

*R Lloyd.*

THE DISPUTED CASE

**B**ETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,  
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To which the said spectacles ought to belong

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause  
With a great deal of wit, and a wig full of learning,  
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,  
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,  
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,  
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,  
Which amounts to possession time out of mind"

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—  
"Your lordship observes they are made with a  
straddle,  
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,  
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose  
(Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)  
That the visage or countenance had not a nose,  
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles  
then?




‘ On the whole it appears, that my argument shows,  
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,  
That the spectacles plainly were made for the nose,  
And the nose was as plainly intended for them ”

Then shifting his side (as the lawyer knows how)  
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ,  
But what were his arguments few people know,  
For the court did not think they were equally wise

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone, ♦  
Decisive and clear, without one If or But,  
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
By day-light, or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.  
*W Cowper.*

## LXIX

## THE CAMEL.


AMEL, thou art good and mild,  
Docile as a little child ,  
Thou wast made for usefulness,  
Man to comfort and to bless  
Thou dost clothe him , thou dost feed ;  
Thou dost lend to him thy speed ,  
And through wilds of trackless sand,  
In the hot Arabian land,  
Where no rock its shadow throws,  
Where no cooling water flows ,  
Where the hot air is not stirred  
By the wing of singing bird.

There thou goest, untired and meek,  
Day by day, and week by week,  
With thy load of precious things—  
Silks for merchants, gold for kings,  
Pearls of Ormuz, riches rare,  
Damascene and Indian ware—  
Bale on bale, and heap on heap—  
Freighted like a costly ship ! \*  
And when week by week is gone,  
And the traveller journeys on  
Feebly , when his strength is fled,  
And his hope and heart seem dead,  
Camel, thou dost turn thine eye  
On him kindly, soothingly,  
As if thou wouldst, cheering, say,  
“ Journey on for this one day—  
Do not let thy heart despond !  
There is water yet beyond !  
I can scent it in the air—  
Do not let thy heart despair ! ”  
And thou guid’st the traveller there

Camel, thou art good and mild,  
Docile as a little child ,  
Thou wast made for usefulness,  
Man to comfort and to bless ,  
And the desert wastes must be  
Untracked regions but for thee !     *M Howitt.*

\* The Arabs call the Camel “the Ship of the Desert ”

## THE ORPHAN BOY

TAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,  
 And hear a helpless Orphan's tale '  
 Ah ! sue my looks must pity wale,—  
 'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale

Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
 And my brave father's hope and joy  
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
 And I am now an Orphan Boy !

Poor foolish child—how pleased was I,  
 When news of Nelson's victory came,  
 Along the crowded streets to fly,  
 And see the lighted windows flame !

To force me home my mother sought,—  
 She could not bear to see my joy,  
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,  
 And made me a poor Orphan Boy !

The people's shouts were long and loud ,  
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears,  
 " Rejoice ! rejoice ! " still cried the crowd,—  
 My mother answered with her tears

" Why are you crying so," said I,  
 " While others laugh and shout for joy ?"  
 She kissed me, and with such a sigh,  
 She called me her poor Orphan Boy !


“What is an Orphan Boy ?” I said,  
When suddenly she gasped for breath,  
And her eyes closed—I shrieked for aid,—  
But, ah ! her eyes were closed in death !

My hardships since I will not tell,—  
But now no more a parent’s joy,  
Ah ! lady, I have learned too well  
What ’tis to be an Orphan Boy !

*A Opie.*

## LXXXI.

## AFTER BLENHEIM

T was a summer evening,  
Old Kaspar’s work was done,  
And he, before his cottage door,  
Was sitting in the sun,  
And by him sported on the green,  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
That he, beside the rivulet,  
In playing there had found,  
She ran to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by ,  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh—  
“’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,  
“Who fell in the great victory

“I find them in my garden, for  
There’s many hereabout ,  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out ,  
For many thousand men,” said he,  
“Were slain in that great victory”

“Now tell us what ’twas all about,”  
Young Peterkin, he cries ,  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes ,  
“Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for ”

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,  
“That put the French to rout ,  
But what they killed each other for  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said,” quoth he,  
“That ’twas a famous victory

“My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ,  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly

So with his wife and child he fled ,  
Nor had he where to rest his head

“ With fire and sword the country round  
They wasted far and wide  
And many a wretched mother then,  
And new-born baby died ,  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory

“ They say it was a shocking sight,  
After the field was won,  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun ,  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory


“ Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,  
And our good Prince Eugene ”  
“ Why 'twas a very wicked thing ! ”  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
“ Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,  
“ It was a famous victory

“ And everybody praised the Duke,  
Who such a fight did win ”  
“ But what good came of it at last ? ”  
Quoth little Peterkin  
“ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,  
“ But 'twas a famous victory ”

*R Southey*

LXXII  
BETH-GELERT,

OR  
THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND

 HE spearmen heard the bugle sound,  
And gaily smiled the morn,  
And many a brach, and many a hound  
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn

And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a louder cheer,  
"Come Gelert! why art thou the last  
Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?  
The flower of all his race!  
So true! so brave! a lamb at home,  
A lion in the chace!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board  
The faithful Gelert fed,  
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,  
And sentineled his bed

In sooth he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John  
But now no Gelert could be found,  
And all the chace rode on

The name of a village in North Wales The circumstances narrated in this poem occurred in the reign of King John of England, when Llewellyn the Great was the independent Prince of North Wales

And now, as over rocks and dells  
The huntsmen's cheerings rise,  
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells  
With many mingled cries

That day Llewellyn little loved  
The chase of hart or hare,  
And scant and small the booty proved,  
For Gelert was not there

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,  
When near the portal seat,  
His truant Gelert he espied  
Bounding his lord to meet

Put, when he gained his castle door,  
Aghast the chieftain stood,  
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,  
His lips and fangs ran blood

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,  
Unused such looks to meet,  
His favourite checked his joyful guise,  
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed,  
And on went Gelert too,  
And still where'er his eyes he cast  
Fresh blood-stains met his view

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,  
The blood-stained covert rent,  
And all around the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.



He called his child—no voice replied ;  
He searched—with terror wild ,  
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,  
But nowhere found the child !

“Blood-hound ! by thee my child’s devoured !”  
The frantic father cried ,  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gelert’s side

His suppliant look, as prone he fell,  
No pity could impart ,  
Yet mournfully his dying yell  
Sank in Llewellyn’s heart

Aroused by Gelert’s dying yell  
Some slumberer awakened nigh ,  
What words the parent’s joy can tell  
To hear his infant cry

Concealed beneath a mingled heap  
His hurried search had missed,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
His cherub boy he kissed !

Nor wound had he, nor harm, nor dread—  
But, the same couch beneath,  
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,—  
Tremendous still in death

Ah ! what was then Llewellyn’s pain !  
For now the truth was clear ,  
The gallant hound the wolf had slain  
And saved Llewellyn’s heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe,  
    "Best of thy kind, adieu!"  
The frantic deed which laid thee low,  
    This heart shall ever rue'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
    With costly sculpture decked,  
And marbles, storied with his praise,  
    Poor Gelert's bones protect


Here never could the spearman pass,  
    Or forester, unmoved,  
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass,  
    Llewellyn's sorrow proved

And here he hung his horn and spear,  
    And oft, as evening fell,  
In fancy's piercing notes could hear  
    Poor Gelert's dying yell

*IV R. Spencer.*

LXXIII

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

OD moves in a mysterious way,  
    His wonders to perform,  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
    And rides upon the storm

Deep in unfathomable mines  
    Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
    And works His sovereign will

Ye faithful sunts, flesh courage take !  
The clouds you so much dread  
Are big with Mercy, and shall break  
In Blessings on your head

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ,  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face


His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ,  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower

Blind Unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain ,  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain

*W Cowper*

LXXIV

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

 HE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,  
Saying, " Now for a frolic ! now for a leap !  
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase !  
I'll make a commotion in every place !"  
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,  
Cracking the signs and scattering down

Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,  
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls  
There never was heard a much lustier shout,  
As the apples and oranges trundled about,  
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes  
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize

Then away to the field it went, blustering and humming,  
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming,  
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,  
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,  
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,  
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,  
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,  
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,  
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway  
It was not too nice to hustle the bags  
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags,  
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke  
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak  
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,  
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"  
And it made them bow without more ado,  
Or it cracked their great branches through and through  
Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,  
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm,  
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm,

There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their  
caps,

To see if their poultry were free from mishaps,  
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,  
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd,  
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,  
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be  
gone

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane  
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain,  
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and  
he stood

With his hat in a pool, and his shoes in the mud

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,  
And now it was far on the billowy sea,  
And the lofty ships felt its staggering blow,  
And the little boats darted to and fro  
But lo ! it was night, and it sank to rest  
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,  
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,  
How little of mischief it had done.

*W Howitt.*

## THE IDL SHEPHERD-BOYS,

OR, DUNGEON GHYLL FORCE \*

A PASTORAL

**T**HE valley rings with mirth and joy ,  
 Among the hills the echoes play  
 A never, never-ending song

To welcome in the May  
 The magpie chatters with delight ,  
 The mountain raven's youngling brood  
 Have left the mother and the nest ,  
 And they go rambling east and west  
 In search of their own food ,  
 Or through the glittering vapours dart  
 In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,  
 Two boys are sitting in the sun ,  
 Their work, if any work they have,  
 Is out of mind—or done  
 On pipes of sycamore they play  
 The fragments of a Christmas hymn ,

\* *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, d, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

Or with that plant which in our dale  
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,  
Their rusty hats they turn  
And thus, as happy as the day,  
Those Shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge  
The sand-lark chants a joyous song,  
The thrush is busy in the wood,  
And carols loud and strong  
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,  
All newly born ' both earth and sky  
Keep jubilee, and more than all,  
Those boys with their green coronal,  
They never hear the cry,  
That plaintive cry ' which up the hill  
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,  
" Down to the stump of yon old yew  
We'll for our whistles run a race "

Away the Shepherds flew,  
They leapt—they ran—and when they came  
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,  
Seeing that he should lose the prize,  
" Stop ! " to his comrade Walter cries—  
James stopped with no good will  
Said Walter then, exulting, " Here  
You'll find a task for half a year

Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—  
Come on, and tread where I shall tread."

The other took him at his word,  
And followed as he led  
It was a spot which you may see  
If ever you to Langdale go  
Into a chasm a'mighty block  
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock  
The gulf is deep below,  
And in a basin black and small,  
Receives a lofty waterfall

With staff in hand across the cleft  
The challenger began his march,  
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained  
The middle of the arch  
When list! he hears a piteous moan—  
Again!—his heart within him cries—  
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,  
He totters, pale as any ghost,  
And, looking down, espies,  
A lamb, that in the pool is pent  
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,  
And, safe without a bruise or wound  
The cataract had borne him down  
Into the gulf profound  
His dam had seen him when he fell,  
She saw him down the torrent borne;  
And, while with all a mother's love  
She from the lofty rocks above  
Sent forth a cry forlorn,



The lamb, still swimming round and round,  
Made answer to that plaintive sound

When he had learnt what thing it was  
That sent this rueful cry, I ween  
The Boy recovered heart, and told  
The sight which he had seen  
Both gladly now deferred their task,  
Nor was there wanting other aid,—  
A Poet, one who loves the brooks  
Far better than the sages' books,  
By chance had thither strayed,  
And there the helpless lamb he found  
By those huge rocks encompassed round

He drew it gently from the pool,  
And brought it forth into the light  
The Shepherds met him with his charge,  
An unexpected sight !  
Into their arms the lamb they took,  
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared,  
Then up the steep ascent they hied,  
And placed him at his mother's side,  
And gently did the Bard  
Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,  
And bade them better mind their trade

*W Wordsworth*

## PART II

---

LXXVI

### SCOTCH FISHERMAN'S SONG.



SWIFTLY glides the bonny boat  
Just parted from the shore,  
And to the fisher's chorus-note  
Soft moves the dipping oar  
His toils are borne with lightsome cheer,  
And ever may they speed,  
Who feeble age and helpmates dear  
And tender bairnies feed

We cast our lines in Largo Bay,  
Our nets are floating wide,  
Our bonny boat, with yielding sway,  
Rocks lightly on the tide  
And happy prove our daily lot  
Upon the summer sea,  
And blest on land our kindly cot,  
Where all our treasures be !

The mermaid on her rock may sing,  
The witch may weave her charm,—  
Nor water-sprite nor eldritch\* thing  
The bonny boat can harm

\* Elfish, ghostly

It safely bears its scaly store  
 Through many a stormy gale,  
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore,  
 Its homeward prow to hail.

*J. B. W.*

## LXXVII.

## THE CONTENTED BLIND BOY.



H' say, what is that thing called light,  
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ?  
 What are the blessings of the sight ?  
 Oh ! tell a poor Blind Boy !


You talk of wondrous things you *see*,  
 You say the sun shines bright,  
 I feel him warm, but how can he  
 Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make  
 Whene'er I sleep or play  
 And could I always keep awake,  
 With me 'twere always day  
 With heavy sighs I often hear  
 You mourn my hapless woe,  
 But sure with patience I can bear  
 A loss I ne'er can know

Then let not what I cannot have  
 My cheer of mind destroy,  
 While thus I sing, I am a king,  
 Although a poor Blind Boy

*C. Cibber.*

## HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN \*


 HE bark that held a prince went down,  
 The sweeping waves rolled on,  
 And what was England's glorious crown  
 To him that wept a son?  
 He lived—for life may long be borne  
 Ere sorrow break its chain,—  
 Why comes not death to those who mourn?  
 He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,  
 The stately and the brave,  
 But which could fill the place of one,  
 That one beneath the wave?  
 Before him passed the young and fair,  
 In pleasure's reckless train,  
 But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—  
 He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round  
 He heard the minstrel sing,  
 He saw the tourney's victor crowned  
 Amidst the knightly ring  
 A murmur of the restless deep  
 Was blent with every strain,  
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—  
 He never smiled again!

\* It is recorded of Henry the First, that after the death of his son Prince William, who perished by shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace  
 Of vows once fondly poured,  
 And strangers took the kinsman's place  
 At many a joyous board,  
 Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,  
 Were left to heaven's bright rain,  
 Fresh hopes were born for other years—  
*He never smiled again !*

*F Hemans*

LXXIX

NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG ENGLISH  
 SAILOR



LOVE contemplating—apart  
 From all his homicidal glory—  
 The traits that soften to our heart  
 Napoleon's story

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne  
 Armed in our island every freeman,  
 His navy chanced to capture one  
 Poor British seaman

They suffered him, I know not how,  
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam,  
 And aye was bent his youthful brow  
 On England's home

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight  
 Of birds to Britain, half-way over,  
 With envy—*they* could reach the white,  
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,  
Than this sojourn would have been dearer  
If but the storm his vessel brought  
To England nearer

At last, when care had banished sleep,  
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,  
An empty hogshead from the deep  
Come shoreward floating

He hid it in a cave, and wrought  
The live-long day, laborious, lurking,  
Until he launched a tiny boat,  
By mighty working

Oh dear me ! 'twas a thing beyond  
Description !—Such a wretched wherry,  
Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond,  
Or crossed a ferry

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,  
It would have made the boldest shudder,  
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—  
No sail—no rudder

From neighbouring woods he interlaced  
His sorry skiff with wattled willows,  
And thus equipped, he would have passed  
The foaming billows

A French guard caught him on the beach,  
His little Argo sorely jeering,  
Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
Napoleon's hearing

With folded arms Napoleon stood,  
 Serene alike in peace and danger,  
 And, in his wonted attitude,  
                     Addressed the stranger

“Rash youth, that wouldst yon Channel pass  
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,  
 Thy heart with some sweet English lass  
                     Must be impassioned ”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ,  
 “But, absent years from one another,  
 Great was the longing that I had  
                     To see my mother.”

“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,  
 “You’ve both my favour justly won,  
 A noble mother must have bred  
                     So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded  
 He should be shipped to England Old,  
                     And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty,  
 But never changed the coin and gift  
                     Of Buonaparte

*T Campbell.*

## THE VISIBLE CREATION

**T**HE God of nature and of grace  
 In all His works appears,  
 His goodness through the earth we trace,  
 His grandeur in the spheres

Behold this fair and fertile globe,  
 By Him in wisdom planned,  
 'Twas He who girded, like a robe,  
 The ocean round the land

Lift to the firmament your eye—  
 Thither His path pursue,  
 His glory, boundless as the sky,  
 O'erwhelms the wondering view

The forests in His strength rejoice,  
 Hark ! on the evening breeze,  
 As once of old, Jehovah's voice  
 Is heard among the trees.

Here, on the hills, He feeds his herds,  
 His flocks in yonder plains,  
 His praise is wafted by the buds,  
 —Oh could we catch their strains,

Mount with the lark, and bear our song  
 Up to the gates of light !  
 Or, with the nightingale, prolong  
 Our numbers through the night !



His blessings fall in plenteous showers  
Upon the lap of earth,  
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,  
And rings with youthful mirth

If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound ,  
How beautiful beyond compare,  
Will Paradise be found !

*J. Montgomery.*

LXXXI.

THE DESTROYER.



SAW the Memphian pyramid  
In awful grandeur rise,  
Which, like a mighty pillar, seemed  
To prop the lofty skies


An old man, with a snow-white beard,  
Across the desert came,  
With a long grey robe thrown loosely o'er  
His breast and withered frame

He stood beside the pyramid,  
And laid his hand thereon  
When, lo ! the pile fell crumbling down,  
Till every stone was gone

There was a city vast and great,  
The world's imperial queen,  
Whose lofty towers and palaces  
On every side were seen ,

The hum of busy multitudes,  
The shout of armed bands,  
The song of triumph, and the clash  
Of shields and glittering brands,  
With every sound of revelry,  
That from the banquet flows,  
From out that city's crowded streets,  
In mingled discord, rose  
I looked, and, lo ! that same old man,  
With a visage pale and grim,  
Passed through those streets, observing none,  
And none observing him,  
Yet as he paced those crowded streets,  
Quick hurrying to and fro,  
All sounds of revelry were changed  
To the bitter wails of woe  
Still on he went without a stop,  
Till every sound had fled  
And nought within those walls was heard  
But the echo of his tread  
Still on he went, still on he went,  
Till palace, tower, and wall,  
Sank down in one unseemly mass,  
And ruin covered all  
Who art thou, stern destroyer? say—  
“I'm known in every clime—  
Man and his works all pass away  
Beneath the hand of TIME !”

## THE THREE FISHERS

 THREE fishers went sailing away to the west,  
Away to the west as the sun went down ,  
Each thought on the woman who loved him  
the best,

And the children stood watching them out of the  
town ,  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbour bar be moaning

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down  
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the  
shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and  
brown

But men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbour bar be moaning


Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down ;  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands  
For those who will never come home to the town ,  
For men must work and women must weep,  
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep,  
And good-by to the bar and its moaning

*C Kingsley*

LXXXIII.


MERCY

[FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"]

HE quality of Mercy is not strained,  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath It is twice blessed  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings,  
But mercy is above this scepterèd sway,  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of Kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself,  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation We do pray for mercy,  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy

*W. Shakespeare.*

## HANNIBAL'S OATH

ND the night was dark and calm,  
There was not a breath of air ,  
The leaves of the grove were still,  
As the presence of death was there ,—

Only a moaning sound  
Came from the distant sea ,  
It was as if, like life,  
It had no tranquillity

A warrior and a child  
Passed through the sacred wood,  
Which, like a mystery,  
Around the temple stood

The warrior's brow was worn  
With the weight of casque and plume.  
And sun-burnt was his cheek,  
And his eye and brow were gloom

The child was young and fair,  
But the forehead large and high,  
And the dark eyes' flashing light  
Seemed to feel their destiny


They entered in the temple,  
And stood before the shrine ,  
It streamed with the victim's blood,  
With incense and with wine

The ground rocked beneath their feet,  
The thunder shook the dome,  
But the boy stood firm, and swore  
Eternal hate to Rome

There's a page in history  
O'er which tears of blood were wept,  
And that page is the record  
How that oath of hate was kept  
*L. E. Landon.*

LXXXV

THE HARP OF TARA

HE harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
As if that soul were fled  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er  
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells,  
The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells  
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still She lives

*T Moore.*

## TO A BEE

**T**HOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee !  
When abroad I took my early way,  
Before the cow from her resting-place  
Had risen up, and left her trace  
On the meadow with dew so grey,  
I saw thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Thou wert alive, thou busy, busy bee !  
When the crowd in their sleep were dead ,  
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,  
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower ,  
Man will not learn to leave his bed,  
And be wise and copy thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee !  
After the fall of the cistus flower ,  
When the evening primrose was ready to buist,  
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first ,  
In the silence of the evening hour,  
I heard thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee !  
Late and early at employ ,  
Still on thy golden stores intent,  
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent  
What thy winter will never enjoy ,  
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee !

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee !

What is the end of thy toil ,

When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,

And all thy work for the year is done,


Thy master comes for the spoil —

Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee !

*Southey*

LXXXVII.

ALICE FELL.

 HE post-boy drove with fierce career,  
For threatening clouds the moon had  
drowned ,

When, as we hurried on, my ear  
Was smitten with a startling sound

As if the wind blew many ways,  
I heard the sound,—and more and more ,  
It seemed to follow with the chaise,  
And still I heard it as before

At length I to the boy called out ,  
He stopped his horses at the word,  
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
Nor aught else like it, could be heard

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast  
The horses scampered through the rain ,  
But, hearing soon upon the blast  
The cry, I bade him halt again



Forthwith alighting on the ground,  
"Whence comes," said I, "this piteous moan?"  
And there a little Girl I found,  
Sitting behind the chaise, alone

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,  
And loud and bitterly she wept,  
As if her very heart would break,  
And down from off her seat she leapt

"What ails you, child?"—She sobbed, "Look here!"  
I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
A weather-beaten rag as e'er  
From any garden scare-crow dangled

There twisted between nave and spoke,  
It hung, nor could at once be freed,  
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,  
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,  
To-night along these lonesome ways?"  
"To Durham," answered she, half wild—  
"Then come with me into the chaise"

Insensible to all relief  
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send  
Sob after sob, as if her grief  
Could never, never have an end

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"  
She checked herself in her distress,  
And said, "My name is Alice Fell,  
I' fatherless and motherless

"And I to Durham, Sir, belong"  
Again, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong,  
And all was for her tattered cloak !

The chaise drove on, our journey's end  
Was nigh, and, sitting by my side,  
As if she had lost her only friend  
She wept, nor would be pacified

Up to the tavern-door we post ;  
Of Alice and her grief I told,  
And I gave money to the host,  
To buy a new cloak for the old

"And let it be of duffel grey,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell !"  
Proud creature was she the next day,  
The little orphan, Alice Fell !

*IV Wordsworth*

LXXXVIII

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.



AM here from the north, the frozen north  
'Tis a thousand leagues away,  
And I left, as I came from my cavern forth

The streaming lights\* at play  
From the deep sea's verge to the zenith high,  
At one vast leap they flew,  
And kindled a blaze in the midnight sky,  
O'er the glittering icebergs blue

\* Northern lights, aurore borealis

The frolicsome waves they shouted to me,  
As I swept then thousands past,  
"Where are the chains that can fetter the sea?"—  
But I bound the boasters fast

In their pride of strength, the pine trees tall  
Of my coming took no heed,  
But I bowed the proudest of them all,  
As if it had been a reed

I found the tops of the mountains bare,  
And I gave them a crown of snow;  
And I roused the hungry wolf from his lair,  
To hunt the Esquimaux


I saw where lay in the forest spent  
The fire of the embers white,  
And I breathed on the lordly element,  
And nursed it into might

It floateth afloat, my banner red,  
With a proud and lurid glare,  
And the fir-clad hills, as torches dread,  
Flame in the wintry air

O'er valley, and hill, and mere I range,  
And, as I sweep along,  
Gather all sounds that are wild and strange,  
And mingle them in my song

My voice hath been uttered everywhere,  
And the sign of my presence seen,  
But the eye of man the form I wear  
Hath never beheld, I ween !

TRUE RICHES

 AM not concerned to know  
 What to-morrow fate will do,  
 'Tis enough that I can say  
 I've possessed myself to day -  
 Then, if haply midnight death  
 Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,  
 Yet to-morrow I shall be  
 Heir of the best part of me

\* \* \* \*

Riches that the world bestows,  
 She can take and I can lose,  
 But the treasures that are mine  
 Lie afar beyond her line  
 When I view my spacious soul,  
 And survey myself a whole,  
 And enjoy myself alone,  
 I'm a kingdom of my own  
     I've a mighty part within  
 That the world hath never seen  
 Rich as Eden's happy ground,  
 And with choicer plenty crowned  
 Here on all the shining boughs  
 Knowledge fair and useless grows,  
 On the same young flowery tree

All the seasons you may see ,  
Notions in the bloom of light  
Just disclosing to the sight ,  
Here are thoughts of larger growth  
Ripening into solid truth ,  
Fruits refined of noble taste,—  
Seraphs feed on such repast  
Here, in green and shady grove,  
Streams of pleasure mix with love ,  
There, beneath the smiling skies,  
Hills of contemplation rise,  
Now upon some shining top  
Angels light and call me up ,  
I rejoice to raise my feet ,  
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more  
Earth hath no resemblance for ,  
Nothing like them round the pole ,  
Nothing can describe the soul  
'Tis a region half unknown,  
That has treasures of its own,  
More remote from public view  
Than the bowels of Peru  
Broader tis and brighter far  
Than the golden Indies are

\* \* \* \*

Yet the silly wandering mind,  
Loth to be too much confined,  
Roves and takes her daily tours,  
Coasting round the narrow shores,

Narrow shores of flesh and sense,  
Picking shells and pebbles thence  
Or she sits at Fancy's door,  
Calling shapes and shadows to her,  
Foreign visits still receiving,  
And t' herself a stranger living


\* \* \* \*

If her inward worth were known,  
She might ever live alone

*I Watts*

XC

BIRDS IN SUMMER

OW pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Flitting about in each leafy tree,  
In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,  
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,  
With its airy chambers, light and boon,  
That open to sun, and stars, and moon  
That open unto the bright blue sky,  
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by

They have left their nests in the forest bough,  
Those homes of delight they need not now,  
And the young and the old they wander out,  
And traverse their green world round about  
And hark ' at the top of this leafy hall,  
How one to the other they lovingly call,  
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,  
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,  
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"  
And the birds below give back the cry,  
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Flitting about in a leafy tree,  
And away through the air what joy to go,  
And to look on the bright, green earth below

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Skimming about on the breezy sea,  
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,  
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!  
What joy it must be to sail, upborne  
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,  
To meet the young sun, face to face,  
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Wherever it listeth, there to flee,  
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,  
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,  
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,  
Above and below, and among the spray,  
Hither and thither, with screams wild  
As the laughing birth of a rosy child!


What joy it must be, like a living breeze,  
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees,  
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath  
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,

And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,  
That gladden some fairy regions old !  
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,  
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

*M. Howard*

XCI

SWISS HOME-SICKNESS.

 HEREFORÉ so sad and faint, my heart ?  
The stranger's land is fair ,  
Yet, weary, weary, still thou art—  
What find'st thou wanting there ?

What wanting ?—All, oh ! all I love !  
Am I not lonely here ?  
Through a fair land, in sooth, I rove,  
But what like *home* is dear ?

My home ! oh ! thither would I fly,  
Where the free air is sweet,  
My father's voice, my mother's eye,  
My own wild hills to greet ,

My hills, with all their soaring steeps,  
With all their glaciers bright,  
Where in his joy the chamois sleeps,  
Mocking the hunter's might



Here no familiar look I trace,  
 I touch no friendly hand,  
 No child laughs kindly in my face,  
 As in my own sweet land

*F Hemans*

XCII

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.



YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than  
 the rest,  
 Had once his integrity put to the test —  
 His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,  
 And asked him to go and assist in the job

He was very much shocked, and answered—"Oh no  
 What rob our poor neighbour ! I pray you don't go  
 Besides the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,  
 Then think of his children, for they must be fed "

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,  
 But apples we want, and apples we'll have,  
 If you will go with us, we'll give you a share,  
 If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear "

They spoke, and Tom pondered—"I see they will go,  
 Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so,  
 Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I could,  
 But staying behind will do him no good.

If this matter depended alone upon me,  
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree,  
But since they *will* take them, I think I'll go too,  
He will lose none by me, though I get a few '

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,  
And went with his comrades the apples to seize ,  
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan ,  
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man

*W Cowper*

XCIII

KING CANUTE



PON his royal throne he sat,  
In a monarch's thoughtful mood ,  
Attendants on his regal state  
His servile courtiers stood,  
With foolish flatteries, false and vain,  
To win his smile, his favour gain

They told him e'en the mighty deep  
His kingly sway confessed ,  
That he could bid its billows leap,  
Or still its stormy breast '  
He smiled contemptuously and cried,  
" Be then my boasted empire tried !"

Down to the ocean's sounding shore  
The proud procession came,  
To see its billows' wild uproar  
King Canute's power proclaim ,

Or, at his high and dread command,  
In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.

Not so, thought he, then noble king,  
As his course he sea-ward sped,—  
And each base slave like a guilty thing,  
Hung down his conscious head,—  
He knew the ocean's Lord on high !  
They, that he scorned their senseless lie.

His throne was placed by ocean's side,  
He lifted his sceptre there,  
Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,  
The waves their strife forbear—  
And, while he spoke his royal will,  
All but the winds and waves were still

Louder the stormy blast swept by,  
In scorn of his idle word,  
The briny deep its waves tossed high,  
By his mandate undeterred,  
As threatening, in their angry play,  
To sweep both king and court away.


The monarch with upbraiding look,  
Turned to the courtly ring,  
But none the kindling eye could brook  
Even of his earthly king,  
For in that wrathful glance they see  
A mightier monarch wronged than he !

Canute ! thy regal race is run ,  
Thy name had passed away,  
But for the meed this tale hath won,  
Which never shall decay  
Its meek, unperishing renown  
Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown

The Persian,\* in his mighty pride,  
Forged fetters for the main ;  
And, when its floods his power defied,  
Inflicted stripes as vain,—  
But it was worthier far of thee  
To know thyself, than rule the sea !  
*B Barton*

## XCIV.

## GRATITUDE TO GOD

HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise

O, how shall words, with equal warmth,  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravished heart !  
But Thou canst read it there.

\* Xerxes

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,  
 My daily thanks employ,  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy

Through every period of my life,  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
 And, after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew

When nature fails, and day and night  
 Divide Thy works no more,  
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy shall adore

Through all eternity, to Thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise,  
 For, oh ! eternity's too short  
 To utter all Thy praise !

*J Addison.*

xcv.

### A SAILOR'S SONG



MILE clouds on high are riding  
 The wintry moonshine hiding,  
 The raging blast abiding

O'er mountain waves we go  
 With hind the dry land reaping,  
 With townsman shelter keeping,  
 With lord on soft down sleeping,  
 Change we our lot ? Oh no !

On stormy waves careering,  
Each seamate seamate cheering,  
With dauntless helmsman steering,  
Our forthward course we hold  
Their sails with sunbeams whitened,  
Themselves with glory brightened,  
From care their bosoms lightened,  
Who shall return ? The bold

*J Bailie*

XCVI

WAKE, LADY !




P ! quit thy bower, late wears the hour,  
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower  
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,  
And the wild kid sports merrily  
The sun is bright, the sky is clear,  
Wake, lady ! wake, and hasten here

Up ! maiden fair, and bind thy hair,  
And rouse thee in the breezy air ,  
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream  
Is dancing in the sunny beam,  
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so gay,  
Leave thy soft couch and haste away.

Up ! time will tell, the morning bell  
 Its service-sound \* has chimed well,  
 The aged crone keeps house alone,  
 The reapers to the fields are gone  
 Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay,  
 Lo ! while thou sleep'st they haste away !  
*J Baillie.*

## XCVII.

## THE ANCIENT SAGES.

HEN Evening's silent foot-fall steals  
 Along the eastern sky,  
 And one by one to earth reveals  
 Those purer fires on high,

When one by one each human sound  
 Dies on the awful ear  
 Then Nature's voice no more is drowned,  
 She speaks, and we *must* hear.

Then pours she on the Christian heart  
 That warning, still and deep,  
 At which high spirits of old would start,  
 Even from their Pagan sleep ;

\* *Service sound*—sound for matins, or morning prayers.


Just guessing, through their murky blind,  
 Few, famt, and baffling sight,  
 Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,  
 A cloudless depth of light.

Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise,  
 Through many a dreary age,  
 Upbore whate'er of good and wise  
 Yet lived in bard or sage.

*J Keble*

XCVIII

EXCELSIOR

 HE shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through an Alpine village passed  
 A Youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner, with the strange device  
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad , his eye beneath  
 Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath ,  
 And like a silver clarion rung  
 The accents of that unknown tongue,  
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light  
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ,  
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
 And from his lips escaped a groan,  
 Excelsior !



“Try not the Pass!” the old man said,  
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

“O stay!” the maiden said, “and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!”  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!”  
This was the peasant’s last good night!  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner, with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior !

*H W Longfellow*

XCIX

LULLABY FOR TITANIA

[FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"]

FIRST FAIRY



YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ,  
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ,  
Come not near our fairy queen

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby ,  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby , lulla, lulla, lullaby ,  
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh !  
So, good-night, with lullaby

SECOND FAIRY

Weaving spiders, come not here ,  
Hence you long-legged spinners, hence ,  
Beetles black, approach not near ,  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence


## CHORUS

Philomel, with melody  
 Sing us our sweet lullaby,  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
 Come our lovely lady nigh!  
 So, good-night, with lullaby

*W Shakespeare*

## C.

## JOHN GILPIN.

 OHN GILPIN was a citizen  
 Of credit and renown,  
 A train-band \* captain eke was he  
 Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
 ' Though wedded we have been  
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
 No holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
 And we will then repair  
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
 All in a chaise and pair

*Train-band—militia.*

" My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise , so you must ride  
On horseback *after we* "

He soon replied, " I do admire  
Of womankind but one ,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done

" I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend, the Calender,\*  
Will lend his horse to go "

Quoth Miss Gilpin, ' That s well said ,  
And, for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear "

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ,  
O'erjoyed was he to find  
That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
Bet yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud,

\* *Calender*—calendrier—one whose trade it is to give cloth a smooth and glossy surface

So three doois off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in ,  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folks so glad ,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again ,

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in

So down he came , for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,—  
“The wine is left behind !”

“Good lack !” quoth he , “yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise !”

Now Mistress Gilpin—careful soul !—  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly !" John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain ;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,  
Away went hat and wig,  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung,  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up went the windows all  
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
His fame soon spread around,—  
"He carries weight!\* he rides a race!"  
'Tis for a thousand pounds!"

\* *He carries weight*—an expression used in racing, when the rider carries something with him to make his weight on the horse equal to that of a heavier man.

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view  
How, in a trice, the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.  
And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow  
Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smother  
As they had basted been  
But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced,  
For all might see the bottle necks  
Still dangling at his waist  
Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash\*  
Of Edmonton so gay,  
And there he threw the Wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.  
At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony espied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride

\* *The wash*—the horse pond, lying partly in the town.



“Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! Here’s the house !—”

They all aloud did cry,

“The dinner waits, and we are tired !”

Said Gilpin, “So am I !”

But yet his horse was not a whit

Inclined to tarry there

For why ?—his owner had a house,

Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,

Shot by an archer strong ,

So did he fly—which brings me to

The middle of my song

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,

And sore against his will,

Till, at his friend the Calender’s

His horse at last stood still

The Calender, amazed to see

His neighbour in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,

And thus accosted him

‘What news ? what news ? your tidings tell,

Tell me you must and shall—

Say, why bare-headed you are come,

Or why you come at all ?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,

And loved a timely joke ,

And thus, unto the Calender,

In merry guise he spoke —

"I came because your hoise would come,  
And, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road "

The Calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig,  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit,—  
"My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit

"But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face ,  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case "

Said John, "It is my wedding day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware "

So, turning to his hoise, he said,  
"I am in haste to dine ,  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine "

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless boast !

For which he paid full dear  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear ,

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ,  
He lost them sooner than at fist,  
For why ?—they were too big

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half-a-crown,

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,—  
“ This shall be yours, when you bring back  
My husband safe and well ”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain ,  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein ,

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frighted steed he frighted more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The rumbling of the wheels

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised a hue and cry —

“Stop thief! stop thief!” — “a highway man  
Not one of them was mute,  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space,  
The toll-men, thinking as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town,  
Nor stopped till where he had got up  
He did again get down

Now let us sing, Long live the king!  
And Gilpin, long live he!  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see!

*W. Cowper*

# THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS



KING Francis was a hearty king, and loved a  
 royal sport,  
 And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking  
 on the court •  
 The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by  
 their side,  
 And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he  
 hoped to make his bride  
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning  
 show—  
 Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal  
 beasts below

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws,  
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind  
 went with their paws,  
 With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled one  
 on another;  
 Till all the pit, with sand and wind, was in a  
 thund'rous smother,  
 The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing  
 through the air  
 Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better  
 here than there!"


De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous,  
lively dame,  
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always  
seem'd the same .  
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as  
brave can be  
He surely would do desperate things to show his love  
of me !  
Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on, the chance is  
wondrous fine ,  
I'll drop my glove to prove his love, great glory will  
be mine !"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked  
on him and smiled ,  
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions  
wild  
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon  
regained his place ,  
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the  
lady's face !  
"Well done !" cried Francis, "bravely done !" and  
he rose from where he sat ,  
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a t  
like that !"

*Lt's H' t*

CII.

THE GLORY OF GOD

 PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,  
With garlands gay of various green ,  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield  
But earth and ocean seemed to say,  
“ Our beauties are but for a day ”

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold ,  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Smiled sweetly through the summer sky ,  
But moon and sun in answer said,  
“ Our days of light are numbered ”

O God ! O good beyond compare,  
If these thy meaner works are fair,  
If these thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruined earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must those mansions be  
Where thy redeemed ones dwell with thee !

*R Heber*

CIII.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER



CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,

Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry  
And I'll give thee a silver pound

To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the Chief of Ulva's Isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather

"His horsemen hard behind us ride,  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready,  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady

"And, by my word! the bonny bride  
In danger shall not tarry  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry"



By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking,  
And, in the scowl of Heaven, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,  
“Though tempests round us gather,  
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father”

The boat has left the stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,—  
When, oh! too strong for human hand  
The tempest gathered o’er her

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,  
His wrath was changed to wailing

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade  
His child he did discover  
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover


Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,  
Across this stormy water  
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter! oh, my daughter!”

'Twas vain the loud waves lashed the shore,  
Return or aid preventing,  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

*T. Campbell*

CIV

NONGTONGPAW

OHN BULL for pastime took a prance,  
Some time ago, to peep at France,  
To talk of sciences and arts,  
And knowledge gained in foreign parts  
Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,  
And answered John in heathen Greek  
To all he asked, 'bout all he saw,  
'Twas, "Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas"

John, to the Palais-Royal come,  
Its splendour almost struck him dumb  
"I say, whose house is that there here?"  
"House! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur"  
"What, Nongtongpaw again!" cries John,  
"This fellow is some mighty Don  
No doubt he's plenty for the maw,  
I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw"

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,  
And cried, astonished at the sight,

"Whose fine estate is that there here?"  
 "State! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur"  
 "His? what, the land and houses too?  
 The fellow's richer than a Jew  
 On everything he lays a claw!  
 I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw"

Next tripping came a courtly fair,  
 John cried, enchanted with her air,  
 "What lovely wench is that there here?"  
 "Ventch! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur"  
 "What, he again? Upon my life!  
 A palace, lands, and then a wife  
 Sir Joshua might delight to draw  
 I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw

"But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John  
 "Je vous n'entends pas"—"What, is he gone?  
 Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save  
 Poor Nongtongpaw then from the grave!  
 His race is run, his game is up,—  
 I'd with him breakfast, dine, or sup,  
 But since he chooses to withdraw,  
 Good-night t'ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw!"

*C Dibdin.*

## SIMON LEE,

THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED

**I**N the sweet shire of Cudigan,  
 Not far from pleasant Ivor Hull,  
 An old Man dwells a little man —  
 'Tis said he once was tall  
 Full five-and-thirty yeas he lived  
 A running huntsman merry  
 And still the centre of his cheek  
 Is red as a ripe cherry

No man like him the horn could sound,  
 And hill and valley rang with glee  
 When Echo bandied, round and round,  
 The halloo of Simon Lee  
 In those proud days, he little cared  
 For husbandry or tillage,  
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse  
 The sleepers of the village

He all the country could outrun,  
 Could leave both man and horse behind,  
 And often, ere the chase was done,  
 He reeled, and was stone blind

And still there's something in the world  
At which his heart rejoices ,  
For when the chiming hounds are out,  
He dearly loves their voices !

But, oh the heavy change !—bereft  
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see !  
Old Simon to the world is left  
In livened poverty  
His Master's dead,—and no one now  
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ,  
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead,  
He is the sole survivor

And he is lean and he is sick ,  
His body, dwindled and awry,  
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ,  
His legs are thin and dry  
One prop he has, and only one,  
His wife, an aged woman,  
Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
Upon the Village Common

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
Not twenty paces from the door,  
A scrap of land they have, but they  
Are poorest of the poor  
This scrap of land he, from the heath,  
Enclosed when he was stronger ,  
But what to them avails the land  
Which he can till no longer ?

Of, working by her Husband's side,  
Ruth does what Simon cannot do,  
For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
Is stouter of the two  
And, though you with your utmost skill  
From labour could not wean them,  
'Tis little, very little—all  
That they can do between them

Few months of life has he in store,  
As he to you will tell,  
For still, the more he works, the more  
Do his weak ankles swell  
My gentle Reader, I perceive  
How patiently you've waited,  
And I'm afraid that you expect  
Some tale will be related

O Reader! had you in your mind  
Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
O gentle Reader! you would find  
A tale in everything  
What more I have to say is short,  
I hope you'll kindly take it  
It is no tale, but, should you think,  
Perhaps a tale you'll make it

One summer-day I chanced to see  
This old Man doing all he could  
To unearth the root of an old tree,  
A stump of rotten wood

The mattock tottered in his hand,  
So vain was his endeavour,  
That at the root of the old tree  
He might have worked for ever

"You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,  
Give me your tool," to him I said,  
And at the word, right gladly, he  
Received my proffered aid,  
I struck, and with a single blow  
The tangled root I severed,  
At which the poor old Man so long  
And vainly had endeavoured

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
And thanks and praises seemed to run  
So fast out of his heart, I thought  
They never would have done  
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning,  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Has oftener left me mourning

*W Wordsworth*

## HYMN



MAKE now, my soul, and humbly hear  
What thy mild Lord commands,  
Each word of His will charm thine ear  
Each word will guide thy hands

Mark how His sweet and tender care  
Complies with our weak minds,  
Whate'er our state and tempers are,  
Still some fit work He finds

They that are merry, let them sing,  
And let the sad hearts pray;  
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,  
And these their sober way

So mounts the early rising lark  
Still upwards to the skies,  
So sits the turtle in the dark,  
Sighing out groans and cries.

And yet the lark, and yet the dove,  
Both sing through several parts,  
And so should we, howe'er we move,  
With light or heavy hearts

Or rather both should both assay,  
And their cross-notes unite  
Both grief and joy should sing and pray,  
Since both such hopes invite.




Hopes that all present sorrow heal,  
 All present joy transcend ,  
 Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel  
 Delights that never end

All honour to the Sacred Three,  
 All honour, power, and praise,  
 As at the first, may ever be,  
 Beyond the end of days

*Austin*

CVII

TO A BUTTERFLY

 'VE watched you now a full half-hour,  
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower ,  
 And, little Butterfly ! indeed  
 I know not if you sleep or feed  
 How motionless !—not frozen seas  
 More motionless ! and then  
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
 Hath found you out among the trees,  
 And calls you forth again !


This plot of orchard-ground is ours ,  
 My trees they are, my Sister's flowers ,  
 Here rest your wings when they are weary ,  
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary !

Come often to us, fear no wrong,  
Sit near us on the bough !  
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,  
And summer days, when we were young  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now

*IV Wordsworth*

CVIII

THE OWL


 N the hollow tree in the grey old tower,  
The spectral owl doth dwell,  
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,  
But at dusk,—he's abroad and well  
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him,  
All mock him outright by day,  
But at night, when the woods grow still and dumb,  
The boldest will shrink away,  
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,  
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl !

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,  
And loveth the wood's deep gloom,  
And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine cold  
She awaiteth her ghastly groom !  
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings  
As she waits in her tree so still,  
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,  
She hoots out her welcome shrill !  
O, when the moon shines, and the dogs do howl,  
Then, then is the joy of the horned owl !

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight !  
 The owl hath his share of good ,  
 If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,  
 He is lord in the dark green wood !  
 Not lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate ,  
 They are each unto each a pride—  
 Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate  
 Hath rent them from all beside !  
 So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,  
 Sing Ho ! for the reign of the horned owl !  
 We know not alway who are kings by day,  
 But the king of the night is the bold brown owl  
*Barry Cornwall*

## CIX

## THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE \*


 ALL for the brave !  
 The brave that are no more !  
 All sunk beneath the wave,  
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,  
 Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel,  
 And laid her on her side ,

\* *The Royal George*—a vessel of war of 100 guns, commanded by Admiral Kempenfelt—went down in Spithead harbour, August 29, 1782

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
And she was overset ,  
Down went the Royal George,  
With all her crew complete

Toll for thê brave !  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ,  
His last sea-fight is fought ,  
His work of glory done

It was not in the battle ,  
No tempest gave the shock ,  
She sprang no fatal leak ,  
She ran upon no rock ,

His sword was in its sheath ,  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down  
With twice four hundred men


Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes !  
And mingle with our cup  
The tear that England owes

Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again,  
Full-charged with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main

But Kempenfelt is gone ,  
His victories are o'er ,  
And he and his eight hundred  
Shall plough the wave no more.

*W Cowper.*

KING HENRY V AND THE HERMIT OF  
DREUX

E passed unquestioned through the camp ;  
Their heads the soldiers bent  
In silent reverence, or begged  
A blessing as he went ,  
And so the Hermit passed along,  
And reached the royal tent

King Henry sat in his tent alone  
The map before him lay  
Fresh conquests he was planning there,  
To grace the future day

King Henry lifted up his eyes  
The intruder to behold ,  
With reverence he the Hermit saw,  
For the holy man was old ,  
His look was gentle as a saint's,  
And yet his eye was bold

“ Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs  
Which thou hast done this land !  
O king repent in time, for know  
The judgment is at hand !

"I have passed forty years of peace  
Beside the river Blaise,  
But what a weight of woe hast thou  
Laid on my latter days !

"I used to see along the stream  
The white sail gliding down,  
That wafted food in better times,  
To yonder peaceful town

"Henry ! I never now behold  
The white sail gliding down  
Famine, Disease, and Death, and Thou  
Destroy that wretched town

'I used to hear the traveller's voice  
As here he passed along,  
Or maiden as she loitered home,  
Singing her even-song

"No traveller's voice may now be heard,  
In fear he hastens by,  
But I have heard the village maid  
In vain for succour cry

"I used to hear the youths row down,  
And watch the dripping oar,  
As pleasantly their viol's tones  
Came softened to the shore.

"King Henry ! many a blackened corpse  
I now see floating down !  
Thou man of blood ! repent in time,  
And leave this leaguered town

"I shall go on," King Henry cried,  
"And conquer this good land  
Seest thou not, Hermit, that the Lord  
Hath given it to my hand ?"

The Hermit heard King Henry speak,  
And angrily looked down  
His face was gentle, but for that  
More solemn was his frown

"What if no miracle from Heaven  
The murderer's aim control ?  
Think you for that the weight of blood  
Lies lighter on his soul ?

"Thou Conqueror King, repent in time,  
On dread the coming woe !  
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat.  
And soon shalt feel the blow !"

King Henry forced a careless smile,  
As the hermit went his way,  
But Henry soon remembered him  
Upon his dying day

*R Southey,*

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.



UR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;

And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track ;  
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged me the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part,


My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.



“ Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn !”  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,—  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away  
*T Campbell*

## CXII

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

OOD people all, of every sort,  
 Give ear unto my song,  
 And if you find it wondrous short,  
 It cannot hold you long

In Islington there was a Man,  
 Of whom the world might say,  
 That still a godly race he ran  
 Whene'er he went to play

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
 To comfort friends and foes  
 The naked every day he clad,  
 When he put on his clothes

And in that town a Dog was found,  
 As many dogs there be,  
 Both mongrel, puppy, sheep, and hound,  
 And curs of low degree

This Dog and Man at first were friends,  
 But when a pique began,  
 The Dog, to gain his private ends,  
 Went mad, and bit the Man

Around from all the neighbouring streets  
The wondering neighbours ran,  
And swore the Dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a Man


The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye  
And while they swore the Dog was mad,  
They swore the Man would die

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied,  
The Man recovered of the bite,  
The Dog it was that died !

*O Gektsmith.*

CXII

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS  
IN NEW ENGLAND

HE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed,  
And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore  
Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came,  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame,

Not as the flying come,  
 In silence and in fear,—  
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
 With their hymns of lofty cheer

Amidst the storm they sang,  
 And the stars heard and the sea,  
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
 To the anthem of the free  
 The ocean-eagle soared  
 From his nest by the white waves' foam,  
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared —  
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair  
 Amidst that pilgrim band  
 Why had they come to wither there,  
 Away from their childhood's land ?  
 There was woman's fearless eye,  
 Lit by her deep love's truth,  
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
 And the fiery heart of youth

What sought they thus afar ?  
 Bright jewels of the mine ?  
 The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?—  
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !  
 Ay, call it holy ground,  
 The soil where first they trod  
 They have left unstained what there they found,—  
 Freedom to worship God

*F Hemans*

## THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

**L**ITTLE Ellie sits alone  
 'Mid the beeches of a meadow  
 By a stream-side on the grass,  
 And the trees are showering down  
 Doubles of their leaves in shadow  
 On her shining hair and face

She has thrown her bonnet by,  
 And her feet she has been dipping  
 In the shallow waters' flow,  
 Now she holds them nakedly  
 In her hands, all sleek and dripping,  
 While she rocketh to and fro

Little Ellie sits alone,  
 And the smile she softly uses  
 Fills the silence like a speech  
 While she thinks what shall be done,  
 And the sweetest pleasure chooses  
 For her future, within reach.


Little Ellie in her smile  
 Chooses—'I will have a lover,  
 Riding on a steed of steeds'<sup>1</sup>  
 He shall love me without guile,  
 And to *him* I will discover  
 The swan's nest among the reeds

'And the steed shall be red-roan,  
And the lover shall be noble,  
With an eye that takes the breath  
And the lute he plays upon  
Shall strike ladies into trouble,  
As his sword strikes men to death  
'And the steed it shall be shod  
All in silver, housed in azure,  
And the mane shall swim the wind,  
And the hoofs along the sod  
Shall flash onward and keep measure,  
Till the shepherds look behind  
'He will kiss me on the mouth  
Then, and lead me as a lover  
Through the crowds that praise his deeds,  
And, when soul-tied by one troth,  
Unto *him* I will discover  
That swan's nest among the reeds'  
Little Ellie, with her smile  
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,  
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,  
And went homeward round a mile,  
Just to see, as she did daily,  
What more eggs were with the two  
Pushing through the elm-tree copse,  
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,  
Where the osier pathway leads,  
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops  
Lo! the wild swan had deserted,  
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow  
If she found the lover ever,  
With his red-roan steed of steeds,  
Sooth I know not, but I know  
She could never show him—never,  
That swan's nest among the reeds '  
*E B Browning*

## CXV

## MAN'S SERVANTS.

OR us the winds do blow,  
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and foun-  
tains flow

Nothing we see but means our good,  
As our delight, or as our treasure  
The whole is either cupboard of our food,  
Or cabinet of pleasure

The stars have us to bed,  
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws,  
Music and light attend our head,  
All things unto our flesh are kind  
In their descent and being, to our mind  
In their ascent and cause

More servants wait on Man  
Than he'll take notice of In every path  
He treads down that which doth befriend hi,  
When sickness makes him pale and wan.  
O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath  
Another to attend hi.

Since, then, my God, Thou hast  
 So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,  
 That it may dwell with Thee at last !  
 Till then, afford us so much wit  
 That, as the world serves *us*, we may serve *Thee*,  
 And both Thy servants be

*G Herbert*

CXVI

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE.



W<sup>OULD</sup> you hear of the curate who mounted his  
 mare,  
 And merrily trotted along to the fair ?  
 Of creature more tractable none ever heard,  
 In the height of her speed she would stop at a word ,  
 But again with a word, when the curate said, Hey,  
 She put forth her mettle and galloped away

As near to the gates of the city he rode,  
 While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,  
 The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,  
 A mulberry-tree in a hedge of wild briar ,  
 On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,  
 Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot ;  
 He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the  
 fruit ;

With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,  
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed ;  
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,  
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.


Sure never, ' he thought, ' was a creature so rare,  
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare ;  
Lo, here now I stand, ' and he gazed all around,  
' As safe and as steady as if on the ground ;  
Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,  
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry, Hey ? '

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,  
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie ;  
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,  
And down went the priest in the wild-briar bush.  
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,  
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

*T. L. Peacock.*

CXVII.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

 T was the schooner Hesperus  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.



The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South

Then up and spake an old Sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength,  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so,  
For I can weather the roughest gale,  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast,  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,

O say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast"—

And he steered for the open sea

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,

O say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live

In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,

O say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word,

A frozen corpse was he

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,

With his face turned to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed

That saved she might be,

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves

On the Lake of Galilee

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,

Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept

Towards the reef of Norman's Woe

And ever the fitful gusts between

A sound came from the land,

It was the sound of the trampling surf,

On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board,  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes,  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow !  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

*H W Longfellow*

CXVIII

SONG

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"




UNDER the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather

Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun;  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather

*W. Shakespeare*

## TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

ANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies  
 Let them live upon their praises;  
 Long as there's a sun that sets,  
 Primroses will have their glory,  
 Long as there are violets,  
 They will have a place in story -  
 There's a flower that shall be mine,  
 'Tis the little Celandine

Eyes of some men travel far  
 For the finding of a star,  
 Up and down the heavens they go,  
 Men that keep a mighty rout !  
 I'm as great as they, I trow,  
 Since the day I found thee out,  
 Little Flower !—I'll make a stir,  
 Like a great astronomer

Modest, yet withal an Elf  
 Bold, and lavish of thyself,  
 Since we needs must first have met  
 I have seen thee, high and low,  
 Thirty years or more, and yet  
 'Twas a face I did not know,  
 Thou hast now, go where I may,  
 Fifty greetings in a day

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
In the time before the thrush  
Has a thought about her nest,  
Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
Like a careless Prodigal,  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood  
Travel with the multitude,  
Never heed them, I aver  
That they all are wanton wooers,  
But the thrifty cottager,  
Who stirs little out of doors,  
Joys to spy thee near her home  
Spring is coming—Thou art come'

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
Kindly, unassuming Spirit!  
Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
On the moor, and in the wood  
In the lane,—there's not a place,  
Howsoever mean it be,  
But 'tis good enough for thee

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
Children of the flaring hours'


Buttercups, that will be seen  
 Whether we will see or no,  
 Others, too, of lofty mien,  
 They have done as worldlings do,  
 Taken praise that should be-thine,  
 Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
 Ill-requited upon earth ,  
 Herald of a mighty band,  
 Of a joyous train ensuing,  
 Serving at my heart's command,  
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,  
 I will sing, as doth behove,  
 Hymns in praise of what I love !

*W. Wordsworth.*

CXX.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

 HERE is a book, who runs may read,  
 Which heavenly truth imparts,  
 And all the lore its scholars need,  
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts

The Works of God above, below,  
 Within us and around,  
 Are pages in that book, to show  
 How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move

The Moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run,  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its Sun

The Saviour lends the light and heat  
That crowns His holy hill,  
The saints, like stars, around His seat  
Perform their courses still

The saints above are stars in Heaven—  
What are the saints on earth?  
Like trees they stand, whom God has given  
Our Eden's happy birth

Faith is their fixed unswerving root,  
Hope their unfading flower,  
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,  
The glory of their bower

The dew of Heaven is like Thy grace,  
It steals in silence down,  
But, where it lights, the favoured place  
By richest fruits is known

One Name, above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs



The raging Fire, the roaring Wind,  
 Thy boundless power display,  
 But in the gentler breeze we find  
 Thy Spirit's viewless way

Two worlds are ours 'tis only Sin  
 Forbids us to descry  
 The mystic heaven and earth within,  
 Plain as the sea and sky

Thou who hast given me eyes to see  
 And love this sight so fair,  
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
 And read Thee everywhere.

*J Keble.*

CXXI.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY



SCOTS wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to glorious victory !  
 Now's the day and now's the hour,  
 See the front of battle lower,  
 See approach proud Edward's power,  
 Edward,—chains and slavery

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha will fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!  
Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',—  
Caledonian, on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be, shall be *free*!  
Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Forward! let us do or die!

*R. Burns.*

CXXII.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

**N**OT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave of the hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning ,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ,  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest  
With his martial cloak around him

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—  
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him !

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ,  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory !

*C Wolfe.*

## SEA SONG



WIND sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast ;  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lea.


O for a soft and gentle wind '  
 I heard a fair one cry ,  
 But give to me the snoring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high ,  
 And white waves heaving high, my boys  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud ,  
 But hark, the music, mariners '  
 The wind is piping loud ,  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashing free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea

*A Cunningham*

## CXXIV


## THE WAR-HORSE

 HE fiery courser, when he hails from far  
 The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,  
 Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,  
 Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight,  
 On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined  
 Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind  
 Eager he stands,—then, starting with a bound,  
 He spurns the turf, and shakes the solid ground  
 Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow,  
 He bears his rider headlong on the foe !

*J Dryden's Virgil.*

## CXXV

## THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

“ EGONE, thou fond presumptuous Elf,”  
 Exclaimed an angry Voice,  
 “Not dare to thrust thy foolish self  
 Between me and my choice !”  
 A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows  
 Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,  
 That, all bespattered with his foam,  
 And dancing high and dancing low,  
 Was living, as a child might know,  
 In an unhappy home

"Dost thou presume my course to block ?

Off, off ! or, puny Thing !

I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock

To which thy fibres cling "

The Flood was tyrannous and strong,

The patient Briar suffered long,

Nor did he utter groan or sigh,

Hoping the danger would be past

But, seeing no relief, at last

He ventured to reply

" Ah ! " said the Briar, " blame me not ,

Why should we dwell in strife ?

We who in this sequestered spot,

Once lived a happy life !

You stirred me on my rocky bed—

What pleasure through my veins you spread !

The summer long, from day to day,

My leaves you freshened and bedewed ,

Nor was it common gratitude

That did your cares repay

" When spring came on with bud and bell,

Among these rocks did I

Before you hang my wreaths, to tell

That gentle days were nigh !

And, in the sultry summer hours,

I sheltered you with leaves and flowers ,

And in my leaves—now shed and gone,

The linnet lodged, and for us two

Chanted his pretty songs, when you

Had little voice or none

" But now proud thoughts are in your breast—  
 What grief is mine you see  
 Ah ! would you think, even yet how blest  
 Together we might be !  
 Though of both leaf and flower bereft,  
 Some ornaments to me are left—  
 Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,  
 With which I, in my humble way,  
 Would deck you many a winter day,  
 A happy Eglantine ! "


What more he said I cannot tell  
 The Torrent down the rocky dell  
 Came thundering loud and fast,  
 I listened, nor aught else could hear,  
 The Briar quaked—and much I fear  
 Those accents were his last.

*W. Wordsworth*

# CXXVI

## PIGWIGGEN'S EQUIPMENT

FOR A COMBAT WITH KING OBERON.

E quickly arms him for the field,  
 A little cockle shell his shield,  
 Which he could very bravely wield,  
 Yet could it not be pierced ,

His spear a bent\* both stiff and strong,  
And well near of two inches long  
The point† was of a horse fly's tooth,  
Whose sharpness nought reversed

And puts him on a coat of mail,  
Which was of a fish's scale,  
That, when his foe should him assail

No point should be prevailing,  
His rapier was a hornet's sting,  
It was a very dangerous thing,  
For if he chanced to hurt the king,

It would be long in healing  
His helmet was a beetle's head,  
So horrible and full of dread,  
That able was to strike one dead

Yet it did well become him,  
And for a plume a horse's hair,  
Which being tossed by the air,  
Had force to strike his foe with fear,

And turn his weapon from him  
Himself he on an earwig set,  
Yet scarce he on his back could get,  
So oft and high he did curvet,

Ere he himself could settle  
He made him turn and stop and bound,  
To gallop and to trot the round,  
He scarce could stand on any ground,  
He was so full of mettle


*M Drayton.*

\* A kind of grass, a rush

† Point, from Lat *pilum*, a javelin.



## ENGLAND'S DEAD

 ON of the Ocean Isle,  
 Where sleep you mighty dead,  
 Show me what high and stately pile  
 Is reared o'er Glory's bed —  
 Go, stranger ! track the deep  
 Free, free the white sail spread  
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
 Where rest not England's dead

On Egypt's burning plains  
 By the pyramid o'erswayed,  
 With fearful power the noonday reigns,  
 And the palm-trees yield no shade,  
 But let the angry sun  
 From heaven look fiercely red,  
 Unfelt by those whose task is done  
*There* slumber England's dead

The hurricane hath might  
 Along the Indian shore,  
 And far by Ganges' banks at night  
 Is heard the tiger's roar  
 But let the sound roll on !  
 It hath no tone of dead  
 For those that from their toils are gone :  
*There* slumber England's dead

Loud rush the torrent-floods  
The western wilds among,  
And free in green Columbia's woods,  
The hunter's bow is strung,  
But let the floods rush on  
Let the arrow's flight be sped  
Why should *thy* rock whose task is done  
*There* slumber England's dead

The mountain-storms rise high  
In the snowy Pyrenees,  
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky  
Like roseleaves on the breeze  
But let the storm rage on  
Let the fresh wreaths be shed  
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—  
*There* slumber England's dead

On the frozen deep's repose  
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,  
When round the ship the icefields close,  
And the northern nightclouds lower  
But let the ice drift on!  
Let the cold-blue desert spread  
*Their* course with mast and flag is done  
Even there sleep England's dead


The warlike of the isles,  
The men of field and wave,  
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger ! track the deep  
 Free, free the white sail spread  
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
 Where rest not England's dead

*F Hemans.*

CXXVIII

THE STORMY PETREL

 THOUSAND miles from land are we,  
 Tossing about on the roaring sea,  
 From billow to bounding billow cast,  
 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast  
 The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds  
 The strong masts shake like quivering reeds ;  
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,  
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,  
 They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone  
 Their natural, hard, proud strength disown


Up and down ! Up and down !  
 From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,  
 And amidst the flashing and feathery foam  
 The Stormy Petrel finds a home,—  
 A home, if such a place may be,  
 For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,  
 On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
 And only seeketh her rocky lair  
 To warm her young, and to teach them spring  
 At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the Deep ! O'er the Deep !  
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish  
sleep,  
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain  
For the mariner curseth the warning bird,  
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard !  
—Ah ! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,  
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still  
Yet *he* ne'er falters —So, Petrel ! spring  
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

*Barry Cornwall*

CXXIX

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

 COME, I come ! ye have called me long ,  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers  
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers ,  
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes  
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains .  
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb.

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
And the fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the rein-deer bounds o'er the pastures free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath  
    been

I have sent through the woodpaths a glowing sigh,  
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,  
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
Where the dark fir branch into verdure breaks

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain  
They are sweeping on to the silvery main  
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves


Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !  
Where the violets lie may be now your home  
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
Come forth to the sunshine I may not stay

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,  
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen  
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth  
Their light stems, thrill to the wild-wood stains,  
And youth is abroad in my green domains

*F Humans*

CXXX

### EARLY PIETY

Y cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Shaion's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod ,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ,  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage !

O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
 Within Thy Father's shrine!  
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
 Were all alike Divine ;

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
 We seek Thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still Thine own!

*R Heber*

CXXXI.

HOHENLINDEN (1800)



N Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly ,

But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
 And furious every charger neighed,  
 To join the dreadful revelry

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy

The combat deepens On ye brave !  
Who rush to glory or the grave  
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry


Few, few shall part, where many meet  
The snow shall be their winding sheet  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre

*T. Campbell*



## CARDINAL WOLSEY'S LAMENTATION

FROM "KING HENRY VIII."

AREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man ! To-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope , to-morrow, blossoms  
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ,  
 And (when he thinks, good easy man ! full sure  
 His greatness is a-ripening), nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do I have ventured  
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory  
 But far beyond my depth My high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now hath left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me  
 Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye  
 I feel my heart new opened O how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,—  
 That sweet aspect of princes,—and his ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than war or women have  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again


\* \* \* \*

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries , but thou hast forced me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman

Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell,  
And when I am forgotten, (as I shall be,)  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me must more be heard of, say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it  
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition !  
By that sin fell the angels how can man then,  
Though image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?  
Love thyself last cherish those hearts that hate thee  
Corruption wins not more than honesty  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues Be just, and fear not  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
Thy God's and Truth's Then, if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr \* \* \*  
\* \* \* Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but served my God, with half the zeal  
I served my king, *He* would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies

*W Shakespeare.*

## THE QUIET MIND


 WHEN all is done and said,  
 In th' end this shall you find,  
 He most of all doth bathe in bliss,  
 That hath a quiet mind.

And, clear from worldly cares,  
 To deem can be content,  
 The sweetest time in all his life  
 In thinking to be spent

The body subject is  
 To fickle fortune's power,  
 And to a million of mishaps  
 Is casual every hour

And death in time doth change  
 It to a clod of clay,  
 Whereas the mind, which is divine,  
 Runs never to decay

Companion none is like  
 Unto the mind alone,  
 For many have been harmed by speech,—  
 Through thinking, few or none


Fear oftentimes restraineth words,  
 But makes not thoughts to cease,  
 And he speaks best that hath the skill  
 When for to hold his peace.

Wherefore, for virtue's sake,  
I can be well content,  
The sweetest time in all my life  
To deem in thinking spent

• *Lord Vaux*

## CXXXIV

## THE HEBREW MOTHER

 HE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,  
When a young mother, with her first-born,  
thence

Went up to Zion, for the boy was vowed  
Unto the Temple service By the hand  
She led him, and her silent soul the while,  
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye  
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think  
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers  
To bring before her God

So passed they on,  
O'er Judah's hills, and wheresoe'er the leaves  
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,  
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,  
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue  
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest,  
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep  
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch  
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,  
As at a red flower's heart And where a fount

Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,  
Making its banks green gems along the wild,—  
There, too, she lingered, from the diamond wave,  
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,  
And softly parting clusters of jet curls  
To bathe his brow

At last the Fane was reached,  
The earth's One Sanctuary, and rapture hushed  
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,  
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped  
In light, like floating gold But when that hour  
Waned to the farewell moment,—when the boy  
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye  
Beseechingly to hers—and, half in fear,  
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her  
arm

Clung even as ivy clings, the deep spring tide  
Of nature then swelled high, and o'er her child  
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds  
Of weeping and sad song —“ Alas !” she cried,

“ Alas, my boy ! thy gentle grasp is on me,  
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,

And now fond thoughts arise,  
And silver cords again to earth have won me,  
And like a' vine thou claspest my full heart,—  
How shall I hence depart ?

“ How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing  
So late among the mountains at my side ?

And I, in joyous pride,  
By every place of flowers my course delaying,

Wove, even as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,  
Beholding thee so fair !

“ Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt meet me,  
When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water-urn ,  
Nor will thy sleep’s low dove-like munnurs greet me,  
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake

“ And thou, will slumber’s dewy cloud fall round thee,  
Without thy mother’s hand to smooth thy bed ?  
Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,  
To fold my neck , and lift up, in thy fear,  
A cry which none shall hear ?

“ What have I said, my child ? Will HE not hear thee

Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ‘  
Shall HE not guard thy rest,  
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o’er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?—  
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy !

“ I give thee to thy God !—the God that gave thee,  
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !  
And, precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, HE shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !  
And thou shalt be HIS child.

“ Therefore, farewell !—I go , my soul may fail me,  
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks, ,

Yearning for thy sweet looks ,—


But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me ,  
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,

The Rock of Strength—Farewell ! ”

*F Hemans*

CXXXV

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

EE the Kitten on the wall,  
Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—

From the lofty elder-tree !  
Through the calm and frosty air  
Of this morning bright and fair,  
Eddying round and round they sink,  
Softly, slowly one might think,  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf conveyed  
Sylph or Fairy hither tending,—  
To his lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute,  
In his wavering parachute

But the Kitten, how she starts,  
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts '  
First at one, and then its fellow  
Just as light and just as yellow ,  
There are many now—now one—  
Now they stop and there are none :

What intenseness of desire  
In her upward eye of fire!  
With a tiger-leap halfway  
Now she meets the coming prey,  
Lets it go as fast, and then  
Has it in her power again  
Now she works with three or four,  
Like an Indian conjuror,  
Quick as he in feats of art  
Far beyond in joy of heart  
Were her antics played in the eye  
Of a thousand standers-by,  
Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
What would little Tabby care  
For the plaudits of the crowd?  
Over happy to be proud,  
Over wealthy in the treasure  
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

*W Wordsworth*

CXXXVI.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGN \*



SIR John got him an ambling nag,  
To Scotland for to ride-a,  
With a hundred horse more, all his own he  
swore,  
To guard him on every side-a

\* When the Scottish Covenanters advanced to the English borders in 1639, Sir John Suckling raised a troop of horse which cost him £12,000, he behaved with great cowardice in the field.



No errant knight ever went to fight  
With half so gay a bravado ,  
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a  
book

He'd have conquered a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see  
So gallant and warlike a sight-a ,  
And as he passed by, they began to cry,  
"Sir John, why will you go fight-a ?"

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on,  
His heart did not relent-a ,  
For, till he came there, he showed no fear ,  
Till then, why should he repent-a ?

The king (Heaven bless him !) had singular hopes  
Of him and all his troop-a ,  
The Borderers they, as they met him on the way,  
For joy did holloa and whoop-a

None liked him so well as his own colonel,  
Who took him for John de Wert-a , \*  
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,  
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots' army came within sight,  
And all men prepared to fight-a,  
He ran to his tent, they asked what he meant ,  
He swore that his head ached quite-a

\* John de Wert was a German general of great reputation and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII hence his name became proverbial in France where he was called *De Vert*

The colonel sent for him back again,  
To quarter him in the van-a ,  
But Sir John did swear, he came not there  
To be killed the very first man-a

To cure his fear he was sent to the real,  
Some ten miles back and more-a,  
Where he did play at trip and away,  
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a


But now there is peace, he's returned to increase  
His money which lately he spent-a ,  
But his lost honour must still lie in the dust ,  
At Berwick away it went-a.

*Old Ballad*

CXXLVII

MELROSE ABBEY

[FROM THE "LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL"]


 F thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,  
For the gay beams of lightsome day,  
Gild but to flout the ruins gray  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glummers white ,  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower ,  
When buttress and buttress alternately  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ,

When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die,  
When distant Tweed is heard to lave,  
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St David's ruined pile,  
And home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair

*W Scott*

CXXXVIII

CANADIAN BOAT SONG

AINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep  
time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon  
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers  
Oh grant us cool heavens and favouring airs  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past  
*T Moore.*

## CXXXIX

## THE FAIRY TO PUCK

[FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"]



VER hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the mooné's sphere  
And I serve the Fairy Queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green,  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,  
In their gold coats spots you see,—  
Those be rubies, Fairy favours,—  
In those fleckles live their savours.  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear  
*W Shakespeare.*

CXL

THE SANDS OF DEE

I



MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands o' Dee,"  
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,  
And all alone went she.

II.

The western tide crept up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see  
The rolling mist came down and hid the land—  
And never home came she

III.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?  
A tress of golden hair,  
A drownéd maiden's hair.  
Above the nets at sea?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
Among the stakes on Dee"


IV

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea,  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee

*C Kingsley*

CXLI

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE

 WAS early day, and sunlight streamed  
Soft through a quiet room,  
That hushed, but not forsaken, seemed  
Still, but with nought of gloom  
For there, serene, in happy age  
Whose hope is from above,  
A Father communed with the page  
Of Heaven's recorded love

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,  
On his gray holy hair,  
And touched the page with tenderest light,  
As if its shrine were there !  
But oh ! that patriarch's aspect shone  
With something lovelier far—  
A radiance all the spirit's own,  
Caught not from sun or star

Some word of life e'en then had met  
 His calm benignant eye ,  
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet  
 Of Immortality !  
 Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow  
 Of quenchless faith survives  
 While every feature said—" I know  
 That my Redeemer lives ! "

And silent stood his children by,  
 Hushing their very breath,  
 Before the solemn sanctity  
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death  
 Silent—yet did not each young breast  
 With love and reverence melt ?  
 Oh ! blest be those fair girls, and blest  
 That home where God is felt !

*F. Hemans.*

CXLII

BOADICEA



HEN the British warrior queen,  
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
 Sought, with an indignant mien,  
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,  
 Every burning word he spoke,  
 Full of rage, and full of grief.

- "Princess ! if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues
- "Rome shall perish—write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt ,  
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt
- "Rome for empire far renowned,  
Tramples on a thousand states ,  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !
- "Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier's name ,  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
Harmony the path to fame
- "Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command
- "Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway,  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they "
- Such the bard's prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre



She, with all a monarch's pride,  
 Felt them in her bosom glow,  
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died,  
 Dying hurled them at the foe

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
 Heaven awards the vengeance due,  
 Empire is on us bestowed,  
 Shame and ruin wait for you "

*W Cowper.*

CXLIII

ROB ROY'S GRAVE \*



FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,  
 The English ballad-singer's joy !  
 And Scotland has a thief as good,  
 An outlaw of as daring mood ,  
 She has her brave Rob Roy !  
 Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,  
 And let us chant a passing stave  
 In honour of that Hero brave !

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,  
 And wondrous length and strength of arm ,  
 Nor craved he more to quell his foes,  
 Or keep his friends from harm.

\* The Grave of Rob Roy is near the head of Loch Katrine, in one of those small pinfold-like burial grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the High lands of Scotland

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as *biave* ,  
Foirgive me if the phrase be strong,—  
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy  
    Must scorn a timid song

Say, then, that he was wise as brave  
As wise in thought as bold in deed  
For in the principles of things  
    *He* sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, “What need of books ?  
Burn all the statutes and their shelves ,  
They stir us up against our kind ,  
    And worse, against ourselves.

“We have a passion,—make a law  
Too false to guide us or control !  
And, for the law itself, we fight  
    In bitterness of soul

“And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose  
Distinctions that are plain and few  
These find I graven on my heart  
    *That* tells me what to do

“The creatures see of flood and field,  
And those that travel on the wind !  
With them no strife can last they live  
    In peace, and peace of mind

“For why ?—because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
    And they should keep who can.

"A lesson which is quickly learned,  
A signal this which all can see !  
Thus nothing here provokes the strong  
To wanton cruelty

"All freakishness of mind is checked ,  
He tamed, who foolishly aspires  
While to the measure of his might  
Each fashions his desires

"All kinds, and creatures stand and fall  
By strength of prowess or of wit  
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,  
And who is to submit

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,  
And longest life is but a day .  
To have my ends, maintain my rights,  
I'll take the shortest way "

And thus among these rocks he lived,  
Through summer heat and winter snow :  
The Eagle, he was lord above,  
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least, have been  
But through untowardness of fate,—  
For Polity was then too strong—  
He came an age too late.

Or shall we say an age too soon ?  
For, were the bold Man living *now*,  
How might he flourish in his pride,  
With buds on every bough ?

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,  
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains,  
Would all have seemed but paltry things,  
Not worth a moment's pains

Rob Roy had never lingered here,  
To these few meagre Vales confined ,  
But thought how wide the world, the times  
How fairly to his mind !

And to his Sword he would have said,  
"Do Thou my sovereign will enact  
From land to land through half the earth !  
Judge thou of law and fact !

" 'Tis fit that we should do our part ,  
Becoming, that mankind should learn  
That we are not to be surpassed  
In fatherly concern

"Of old things all are over old,  
Of good things none are good enough,—  
We'll shew that we can help to frame  
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take  
From me the sign of life and death .  
Kingdoms shall shift about like clouds,  
Obedient to my breath "

And if the word had been fulfilled,  
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy !  
France would have had her present Boast,  
And we our own Rob Roy !

Oh ! say not so , compare them not ,  
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave !  
Would wrong thee nowhere , least of all  
Here standing by thy grave

For thou, although with some wild thoughts  
Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan !  
Hadst this to boast of,—thou didst love  
The *liberty* of man

And, had it been thy lot to live  
With us who now behold the light,  
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,  
And battled for the Right


For thou wert still the poor man's stay,  
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand !  
And all the oppressed who wanted strength,  
Had thine at their command

Bear witness many a pensive sigh  
Of thoughtful Herdsman, when he strays  
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,  
And by Loch Lomond's braes !

And, far and near, through vale and hill,  
Are faces that attest the same ,  
And kindle, like a fire new stirred,  
At sound of Rob Roy's name

*W Wordsworth.*

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII

HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye  
My noon-day walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend


When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary, wandering step He leads ,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscapes flow

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O God, art with me still ,  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile ,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden green and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around

*J Addison*

## THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

T the corner of Wood Street, when daylight  
 appears,  
 Hangs a thrush that sings loud—it has sung  
 for three years  
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
 In the silence of morning the song of the Bud

'Tis a note of enchantment, what ails her? She sees  
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees,  
 Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
 Down which she so often has tripped with her pail,  
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves

She looks, and her heart is in heaven but they fade,  
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade  
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
 And the colours have all passed away from her eyes !

*W Wordsworth*

THE SPILT PEARLS

**H**IS courtiers of the Caliph crave—  
 “Oh, say how this may be,  
 That of thy slaves this Ethiop slave  
 Is best beloved by thee?”

“For he is hideous as the night  
 And when has ever chose  
 A nightingale for its delight  
 A hueless, scentless rose?”

The Caliph then — “No features fair  
 Nor comely men are his  
 Love is the beauty he doth wear,  
 And Love his glory is

“Once when a camel of my train  
 There fell in narrow street,  
 From broken casket rolled amain  
 Rich pearls before my feet

“I nodding to my slaves, that I  
 Would freely give them these,  
 At once upon the spoil they fly,  
 The costly boon to seize

“One only at my side remained,—  
 Beside this Ethiop, none  
 He, moveless as the steed he reined,  
 Behind me sat alone,




“ ‘What will thy gain, good fellow, be,  
Thus lingering at my side?’—  
—‘My King, that I shall faithfully  
Have guarded thee,’ he cried  
“ ‘True servant’s title he may wear,  
He only, who has not  
For his lord’s gifts, how rich soe’er,  
His lord himself forgot!’ ”  
—So thou alone dost walk before  
Thy God with perfect aim,  
From Him desiring nothing more  
Beside Himself to claim  
For if thou not to Him aspire,  
But to His gifts alone,  
Not Love, but covetous desire  
Has brought thee to His throne  
While such thy prayer, it mounts above  
In vain, the golden key  
Of God’s rich treasure-house of love,  
Thine own will never be

*R C Trench.*

## CXLVII

## THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

HEY grew in beauty side by side,  
They filled one home with glee,—  
Their graves lie severed, far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea

The same fond mother bent at night,  
O'er each fair sleeping brow ,  
She had each folded flower in sight,—  
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid,—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade

The sea—the blue lone sea—hath one ,  
He lies where pearls lie deep ,  
*He* was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep

One sleeps where southern vines are diest  
Above the noble slain  
He wrapt his colours round his breast,  
On a blood red field of Spain

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ,  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,—  
The last of that bright band

And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree ,  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth !—  
Alas, for love ! if *thou* wert all,  
And naught beyond, O Earth !

*F Hemans*

## THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE



TELL me, Harper !-wherefore flow  
 Thy wayward notes of wail and woe  
 Far down the desert of Glencoe,  
 Where none may list their melody ?  
 Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,  
 Or to the dun deer glancing by,  
 Or to the eagle that from high  
 Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy ?—

No ! not to these , for they have rest  
 The mistweath has the mountain-crest,  
 The stag his lair, the ern her nest,  
 Abode of lone security  
 But those for whom I pour the lay,  
 Not wildwood deep nor mountain gray,  
 Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,  
 Could screen from treacherous cruelty

Their flag was furled and mute their drum ,  
 The very household-dogs were dumb,  
 Unwont to bay at guests that come  
 In guise of hospitality  
 His blithest notes the piper plied,  
 Her gayest snood the maiden tied,  
 The dame her distaff flung aside,  
 To tend her kindly housewifery

\* Ern--an eagle

The hand that mingled in the meal,  
At midnight drew the felon steel,  
And gave the host's kind breast to feel  
    Meed for his hospitality  
The friendly hearth which warmed that hand  
At midnight armed it with the brand,  
That bade destruction's flames expand  
    Then red and fearful blazonry

Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,  
Nor infancy's unpitied plain  
More than the warrior's groan could gain  
    Respite from ruthless butchery  
The winter wind that whistled shrill,  
The snows that night that choked the hill,  
Rough, wild, and pitiless, had still  
    Far more than Southron clemency

Long have my harp's best notes been gone,  
Few are its strings, and faint their tone  
They can but sound in desert lone  
    Their grayhaired master's misery  
Were each gray hair a minstrel-string,  
Each chord should imprecations fling,  
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,  
    "Revenge for blood and treachery!"

*W. Scott.*

## THE PARROT



HE deep affections of the breast,  
That Heaven to living things imparts,  
Are not exclusively possessed

By human hearts

A Parrot, from the Spanish main,  
Full young, and early caged, came o'er,  
With bright wings, to the bleak domain  
Of Mulla's ' shore

To spicy groves, where he had won  
His plumage of resplendent hue,  
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,  
He bade adieu

For these he changed the smoke of turf,  
A heathery land and misty sky,  
And turned on rocks and raging surf  
His golden eye

But, petted, in our climate cold  
He lived and chatted many a day,  
Until with age, from green and gold,  
His wings grew grey

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,  
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,  
A Spanish stranger chanced to come  
To Mulla's shore ,

\* Mulla—the island of Mull, one of the Hebrides.


He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,  
The bird in Spanish speech replied,  
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,  
Dropt down, and died

*T Campbell*

CL

## THE COCK IS CROWING


WRITTEN IN MARCH

HE cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun ,  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest,  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising ,  
There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill ,  
The Plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon  
There's joy in the mountains ,  
There's joy in the fountains ,  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing ,  
The rain is over and gone !

*W. Wordsworth*

## EPITAPH ON A HERO


ERE lies one who never drew  
 Blood himself, yet many slew,  
 Gave the gun its aim, and figure  
 Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.  
 Arméd men have gladly made  
 Him then guide, and him obeyed,  
 At his signified desire,  
 Would advance, present, and fire.  
 Stout he was, and large of limb,  
 Scores have fled at sight of him,  
 And to all this fame he rose  
 By only following his nose  
 Neptune was he called, not he  
 Who controls the boisterous sea,  
 But of happier command,  
 Neptune of the furrowed land,  
 And your wonder vain to shorten,  
*Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.\**

*W. Cowper.*

\* A friend of Cowper's, who lived at Weston, near Olney, Buckinghamshire.

## THE WEAKEST THING

## I


 HICH is the weakest thing of all  
 Mine heart can ponder ?  
 The sun, a little cloud can pali  
 With darkness yonder ?  
 The cloud, a little wind can move  
 Where'er it listeth ?  
 The wind, a little leaf above,  
 Though sere, resisteth ?

## II

What time that yellow leaf was green,  
 My days were gladder,  
 But now, whatever Spring may mean,  
 I must grow sadder  
 Ah me ! a *leaf* with sighs can wring  
 My lips asunder ?  
 Then is my heart the weakest thing  
 Itself can ponder


## III

Yet Heart, when sun and cloud are pined,  
 And drop together,  
 And at a blast which is not wind  
 The forests wither,  
 Thou, from the darkening deathly curse,  
 To glory breakest,—  
 The strongest of the universe  
 Guarding the weakest !

*E B Browning.*



## THE SUNBEAM

HOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall,  
 A joy thou art, and a wealth to all !  
 A bearer of hope unto land and sea —  
 Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles ,  
 Thou hast touched with glory his thousand Isles ,  
 Thou hast lit up the Ships, and the feathery foam,  
 And gladdened the Sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,  
 Thou art streaming on thro' their green arcades,  
 And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,  
 Like fire-flies glance to the pools below

I looked on the Mountains,—a vapour lay  
 Folding their heights in its dark array  
 Thou breakest forth,—and the mist became  
 A crown and a mantle of living flame

I looked on the Peasant's lowly Cot,—  
 Something of sadness had wrapt the spot,—  
 But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,  
 And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a Guest thou art,  
 Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ,  
 And thou scornest not from thy lamp to shed  
 A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st thro' the dim Church-aisle thy way,  
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,  
And its high, pale Tombs, with their trophies old,  
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold

And thou turnest not from the humblest Grave,  
Where a Flower to the sighing winds may wave ,  
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,  
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast

Sunbeam of summer ! oh ! what is like thee ?  
Hope of the Wilderness, Joy of the Sea !—  
One thing is like thee to mortals given,  
The Faith touching all things with hues of Heaven !  
*F Hemans.*

## CLIV

## THE HOLLY TREE



H Reader ! hast thou ever stood to see  
The Holly Tree ?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries  
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen ,  
No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
Can reach to wound ,

But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
And moralize , ,  
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree  
Can emblems see,  
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after-time

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear  
Harsh and austere ,  
To those, who on my leisure would intrude,  
Reserved and rude ,—  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,  
Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I day by day  
Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree

And as when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,  
The Holly leaves a sober hue display  
Less bright than they ,  
But, when the bare and wint'ry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree ?


So serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng,  
So would I seem amid the young and gay  
More grave than they,  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

*R. Southey*

## CLV

## A FEUDAL HOUSEHOLD

[FROM "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL"]

HE tables were drawn, it was idlesse aft,  
Knight, and page, and household squire,  
Loitered through the lofty hall,  
Or crowded round the ample fire  
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,  
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,  
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,  
From Teviot-stone \* to Eskdale-moor

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall, †  
Nine-and-twenty squires of name  
Brought them their steeds from bower to stall,

\* A rude rock, the source of the river

† On the Teviot, near Hawick, a seat of the Buccleuch family

Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall  
Waited, duteous, on them all  
They were all knights of mettle true,  
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch


Ten of them were sheathed in steel,  
With belted sword, and spur on heel  
They quitted not their harness bright,  
Neither by day, nor yet by night  
    They lay down to rest  
    With corslet laced,  
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard,  
    They carved at the meal  
    With gloves of steel,  
And they drank the red wine through the hel et  
    baried

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,  
Waited the beck of the warders ten,  
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,  
Stood saddled in stable day and night,  
Barb'd with frontlet of steel, I trow,  
And with Jedwood-axe\* at saddle bow,  
A hundred more fed free in stall —  
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall

*W. Scott.*

\* A sort of paitizan, called also a Jeddart (Jedburgh) staff

## POWER OF MUSIC.

 N Orpheus ! an Orpheus !—yes, Faith may grow  
bold,

And take to herself all the wonders of old,—  
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the same,  
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there, and he works on the crowd,  
He sways them with harmony merry and loud,  
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—  
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him ?

What an eager assembly ! what an empire is this !  
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss,  
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest,  
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppressed

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the  
night,

So He, where he stands, is a centre of light,  
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed Jack,  
And the pale-visaged Baker, with basket on back,

That errand-bound 'prentice was passing in haste—  
What matter ! he's caught—and his time runs to  
waste,

The Newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret  
And the half-breathless Lamplighter, he's in the net !

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore ,  
The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her store ,—  
If a thief could be here he might pilfer at ease ,  
She sees the musician, 'tis all that she sees !

He stands, backed by the wall ,—he abates not his dm'  
His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in  
From the old and the young, from the poorest,—and  
there !

The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand  
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a band ,  
I am glad for him, blind as he is !—all the while  
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a  
smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,  
Not an inch of his body is free from delight ,  
Can he keep himself still, if he would ? oh, not he !  
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree

There's a Cripple who leans on his crutch , like a tower  
That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour !—  
That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,  
While she dandles the Babe in her arms to the sound


Now, coaches and chariots ! roar on like a stream ,  
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream .  
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,  
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue !

*W Wordsworth.*

CLVII

AMIENS' SONG.


[FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"]

LOW, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude ,  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not  
*W Shakespeare.*

CLVIII

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

ETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.



From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall-stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair

A whisper, and then a silence—  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall !  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair ,  
If I try to escape they surround me ,  
They seem to be everywhere

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all !


I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart .

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
Andoulder in dust away!

*H. W. Longfellow*

CLIX.

FIDELITY.

 BARKING sound the Shepherd hears  
A cry as of a dog or fox ,  
He halts—and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks .  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern ,  
And instantly a dog is seen  
Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed ,  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ,  
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height ,  
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ,  
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps, till June, December's snow ,  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn\* below  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land ,  
From trace of human foot or hand

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
Scud through the tarn, a lonely cheer ,  
The crags repeat the raven's croak  
In symphony austere  
Thither the rainbow comes,—the cloud—  
And mists that spread the flying shroud ,  
And sunbeams , and the sounding blast,  
That, if it could, would hurry past ,  
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile  
The Shepherd stood , then makes his way  
O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog  
As quickly as he may ,  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground ;  
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh  
Looks round, to learn the history

\* Tarn is a small Meie or Lake, mostly high up in the un-  
tau .

From those abrupt and perilous rocks,  
The Man had fallen, that place of fear !  
At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear ,  
He instantly recalled the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came ,  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the Traveller passed this way

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable tale I tell !  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This Dog, had been through three months' space  
A dweller in that savage place

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day  
When this ill-fated traveller died,  
The Dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his master's side  
How nourished here through such long time  
He knows, who gave that love sublime ,  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate

*W. Wordsworth*

## CLX.

## SONG ON MAY MORNING



OW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with  
her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May ! that dost inspire

Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ,

Woods and groves are of thy dressing ,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long

*J Milton*

## CLXI

## THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD



BURG NIEDECK is a mountain in Alsace, high  
and strong,

Where once a noble castle stood,—the Giants  
held it long ,

Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,

And if ye seek for Giants there, they are all dead and  
gone

The Giant's Daughter once came forth the castle-gate  
before,  
And played, with all a child's delight, beside her  
father's door,  
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl did  
gladly go,  
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little  
world below

With few and easy steps she passed the mountain and  
the wood,  
At length near Haslach, at the place where mankind  
dwelt, she stood,  
And many a town and village fair, and many a field  
so green,  
Before her wondering eyes appeared, a strange and  
curious scene

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene  
around,  
She saw a Peasant at her feet, a-tilling of the  
ground,  
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and  
there,  
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone  
bright and fair

"Oh, pretty plaything!" cried the Child, "I'll take  
thee home with me,"  
Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief  
on her knee,

And cradling hoise, and man, and plough, all gently  
on her arm,  
She bore them home with cautious steps, afraid to do  
them harm !

She hastes with joyous steps and quick, (we know  
what children are,)  
And spying soon her Father out, she shouted from  
afar  
“ O father, dearest father, such a plaything I have  
found,  
I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain  
ground ”

Her Father sat at table then, and drank his wine so  
mild,  
And smiling with a parent's smile, he asked the happy  
Child,  
“ What struggling creature hast thou brought so  
carefully to me ?  
Thou leap'st for very joy, my girl , come, open, let us  
see ”

She opes her kerchief carefully, and gladly, you may  
deem,  
And shows her eager Sue the plough, the Peasant,  
and his team ,  
And when she'd placed before his sight the new found  
pretty toy,  
S'ie clasped her hands, and screamed aloud, and cried  
for very joy

But her Father looked quite seriously, and shaking  
slow his head,

“What hast thou brought me home, my Child? This  
is no toy,” he said,

“Go, take it quickly back again, and put it down  
below,

The Peasant is no plaything, girl,—how could'st thou  
think him so?

“Go, go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will,” he  
said,

“For know, without the Peasant, girl, we none of us  
had bread


'Tis from the Peasant's hardy stock the race of Giants  
are,

The Peasant is no Plaything, child,—no,—God forbid  
he were!”

*G F Richardson*  
(*From the German of Chamisso*)

## CLXII

## THE FOUNTAIN.

 INTO the sunshine,  
Full of the light,  
Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like  
When the winds blow!



Into the starlight,  
Rushing in spray,  
Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day !

Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never a-weary ,—

Glad of all weathers,  
Still seeming best,  
Upward or downward,  
Motion thy rest ,—


Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame,  
Changed every moment,  
Ever the same ,—

Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element ,—

Glorious fountain !  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward, like thee !

*J R Lowell.*

## THE SHADOWS

Y little boy, with pale, round cheeks,  
 And large, brown, dreamy eyes,  
 Not often, little wisehead, speaks,  
 But yet will make replies

His sister, always glad to show  
 Her knowledge, for its praise,  
 Said yesterday . " God's here, you know ,  
 He's everywhere, always

" He's in this room " His large, brown eyes  
 Went wandering round for God ,  
 In vain he looks, in vain he tries  
 His wits are all abroad

" He is not here, mamma? No, no ,  
 I do not see Him at all  
 He's not the shadows, is He ?" So  
 His doubtful accents fall—

Fall on my heart, like precious seed,  
 Grow up to flowers of love ,  
 For as my child, in love and need,  
 Am I to Him above

How oft before the vapours break,  
 And day begins to be,  
 In our dim-lighted rooms we take  
 The shadows, Lord, for thee


While every shadow lying there,  
 Slow remnant of the night,  
 Is but an aching, longing prayer,  
 For Thee, O Lord, the light

*G MacDonald*

CLXIV.

THE MOTHER'S JEWELS.

A JEWISH TALE.

N schools of wisdom all the day was spent,  
 His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,  
 With homeward thoughts, which dwelt upon the  
 wife,

And two fair children who adorned his life  
 She, meeting at the threshold, led him in  
 And with these words preventing, did begin  
 "Ever rejoicing at your wished return,  
 Yet do I most so now, for since the morn  
 I have been much perplexed and sorely tried  
 Upon one point which you shall now decide

"Some years ago, a friend into my care  
 Some jewels gave, rich, precious gems they were,  
 And, having given them in my charge, this friend  
 Did after neither come for them nor send,  
 But left them in my keeping for so long,  
 That now it almost seems to me a wrong,  
 That he should suddenly arrive to-day,  
 And take the jewels that he left, away  
 What think you? Shall I freely yield them back,  
 And with no murmuring?—so henceforth to lack

Those gems myself, which I had learned to see  
Almost as mine for ever,—mine in fee ”

“ What question can be here ? Your own true heart,  
Must needs advise you of the only part,—  
That may be claimed again which was but lent,  
And should be yielded with no discontent,  
Nor surely, can we find herein a wrong  
That it was left us to enjoy so long ”

“ Good is the word,” she answered, “ may we now,  
And evermore that it is good allow ! ”  
And, rising, to an inner chamber led  
And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,  
Two children pale,—and he the jewels knew  
Which God had lent him, and resumed anew

*R C Trench*

CLXV

HELENA UPBRAIDING HERMIA

[FROM “A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM ”]



NJURIOUS Hermia, most ungrateful maid !  
Have you conspired, have you with these con-  
trived


To bait me with this foul dension ?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sister’s vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us , oh ! and is all forgot ?  
All school-days’ friendship, childhood innocence ?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Created with our needles both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key—  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
 Had been incorporate    Lo, we grew together,  
 Like to a double cherry—seeming parted,  
 But yet a union in partition !  
 Two lovely berries, moulded on one stem ,  
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart ,  
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one, and crownéd with one crest.  
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?  
 It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly  
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

*W Shakespeare*

CLXVI.

SUMMER INSECTS.


HESE tiny loiterers on the barley's beard,  
 And happy units of a numerous herd  
 Of playfellows, the laughing summer brings,  
 Mocking the sunshine on their glittering wings ,  
 How merrily they creep, and run, and fly !  
 No kin they bear to labour's drudgery,  
 Smoothing the velvet of the pale hedge-rose,  
 And where they fly for dinner no one knows ,—  
 The dewdrops feed them not ,—they love the shine  
 Of noon, whose suns may bring them golden wine

All day they're playing in their Sunday dress,  
At night they sleep, for they can do no less,  
Then to the heath-bell's purple head they fly,  
And like to princes in their slumbers lie,  
Secure from rain, and dripping dews, and all  
In silken beds and roomy painted hall  
So merrily they spend their summer-day,  
Now in the corn-field, now in the new-mown hay  
One almost fancies that such happy things,  
With coloured hoods and richly-burnished wings,  
Are fairy folk, in splendid masquerade  
Disguised, as if of mortal folk afraid  
Keeping their joyous pranks a mystery still,  
Lest glaring day should do their secrets ill

*J. Clare*

## CLXVII.

## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

 HERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" said he,  
"Have naught but the bearded grain?"  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again "

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ,  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled ,  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear,

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ,  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above


O, not in cruelty, not in wrath  
The Reaper came that day ,  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away

*H W Longfellow.*

CLXVIII

A SEA DIRGE


[FROM "THE TEMPEST"]

ULL fathom five thy father lies  
Of his bones are coral made  
Those are pearls that were his eyes ,  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange ,  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell  
Hark ! now I hear them,—  
Ding, dong, bell

*W Shakespeare*

CLXIX.

A WINTER NIGHT

INTER night ! the stormy wind is high,  
Rocking the leafless branches to and fro .  
The sailor's wife shrinks as she hears it blow,  
And mournfully surveys the starless sky  
The hardy shepherd turns out fearlessly  
To tend his fleecy charge in drifted snow ;  
And the poor homeless, houseless child of woe  
Sinks down, perchance, in dumb despair to die !




Happy the fire-side student , happier still  
 The social circle round the blazing hearth,—  
 If, while these estimate aright the worth  
 Of every blessing which their cup may fill,  
 Their grateful hearts with sympathy can thrill  
 For every form of wretchedness on eath

*B. Barton.*

CLXX

# ROSABELLE

“ LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !  
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ,  
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !  
 And gentle lady, deign to stay !  
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day

“The blackening wave is edged with white ,  
 To inch\* and rock the sea-mews fly ,  
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,  
 Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted Seer did view  
 A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ,  
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ,  
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?”—

\* *inch*, isle.

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
But that my lady-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle hall

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle"—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam,  
'Twas broader than the watch-fires' light,  
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen,  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply

Seemed all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale,  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle,  
 Each one the holy vault doth hold,—  
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St Clair was buried there  
 With candle, with book, and with knell ;  
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild waves sung  
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle

*W Scott*

CLXXI

THE RAINBOW.



FRAGMENT of a rainbow bright  
 Through the moist air I see,  
 All dark and damp on yonder height,  
 All bright and clear to me

An hour ago the storm was here,  
 The gleam was far behind,  
 So will our joys and grief appear,  
 When earth has ceased to blind.

Grief will be joy if on its edge  
 Fall soft that holiest ray,  
 Joy will be grief if no faint pledge  
 Be there of heavenly day.

*J. Keble.*

## MAY-DAY.



QUEEN of fresh floweis,  
 Whom veinal stars obey,  
 Bring thy warm showers  
     Bring thy genial ray  
 In nature's greenest livery drest,  
 Descend on earth's expectant breast,  
 To earth and heaven a welcome guest,  
     Thou merry month of May !


Mark ! how we meet thee  
     At dawn of dewy day !  
 Hark ! how we greet thee  
     With our roundelay !  
 While all the goodly things that be  
 In earth, and air, and ample sea,  
 Are waking up to welcome thee,  
     Thou merry month of May !

Flocks on the mountains,  
     And birds upon their spray,  
 Tree, turf, and fountains,  
     All hold holiday,  
 And love, the life of living things,  
 Love waves his torch and claps his wings,  
 And loud and wide thy praises sings,  
     Thou merry month of May !

*R Heber.*

## EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER.

## I

T was Earl Haldan's daughter,  
 She looked across the sea,  
 She looked across the water,  
 And long and loud laughed she  
 "The locks of six princesses  
 Must be my marriage fee,  
 So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!  
 Who comes a wooing me?"

## II

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,  
 She walked along the sand,  
 When she was aware of a knight so fair,  
 Come sailing to the land  
 His sails were all of velvet,  
 His mast of beaten gold,  
 And "Hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!  
 Who saileth here so bold?"

## III

"The locks of five princesses  
 I won beyond the sea,  
 I clipt their golden tresses,  
 To fringe a cloak for thee  
 One handful yet is wanting,  
 But one of all the tale,  
 So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat,  
 Furl up thy velvet sail!"

## IV.

He leapt into the water,  
 That rover young and bold ,  
 He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,  
 He clipt her locks of gold ,  
 " Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,  
 The tale is full to-day  
 Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !  
 Sail westward ho away ! "

*C Kingsley*

## CLXXIV

## MARCH.



HE stormy March is come at last,  
 With wind, and cloud, and changing  
 skies

I hear the rushing of the blast  
 That through the snowy valley flies

Ah, passing few are those who speak,  
 Wild stormy month ! in praise of thee ,  
 Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,  
 Thou art a welcome month to me

For thou to northern lands again  
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring,  
 And thou hast joined the gentle train  
 And wear'st the gentle name of Spring

And in thy reign of blast and storm,  
 Smile many a long, bright, sunny day,  
 When the changed winds are soft and warm  
 And heaven puts on the blue of May

Then sing aloud the gushing rills  
 And the full springs from frost set free,  
 That, brightly leaping down the hills,  
 Are just set out to meet the sea

The year's departing beauty hides  
 Of wintry storms the sullen threat,  
 But in thy sternest frown abides  
 A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,  
 And that soft time of sunny showers,  
 When the wide bloom on earth that lies,  
 Seems of a brighter world than ours

*W. C. Bryant.*

CLXXV.

TUBAL CAIN.

I



LD Tubal Cain was a man of might  
 In the days when Earth was young,  
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright  
 The strokes of his hammer rung,

And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On, the glowing iron clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
As he fashioned the sword and spear  
And he sang—"Hurra for my handiwork !  
Hurra for the spear and sword !  
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,  
For he shall be king and lord !"

## II.

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade  
As the crown of his desire  
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,  
And spoils of the forest free  
And they sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew !  
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,  
And hurra for the metal true !"

## III.

But a sudden change came o'er his heart  
E'er the setting of the sun,  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
For the evil he had done ,  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
Made war upon their kind,  
That the land was red with the blood they shed  
In their lust for carnage blind



And he said—"Alas ! that ever I made  
Or that skill of mine should plan  
The spear and the sword for men whose joy  
Is to slay their fellow-man "

## IV

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe ,  
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,  
And his furnace smouldered low  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright courageous eye,  
And bared his strong right arm for work,  
While the quick flames mounted high  
And he sang—" Hurra for my handiwork ! "  
And the red sparks lit the air ,  
" Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made ! "  
And he fashioned the first ploughshare


## V

And men taught wisdom from the past,  
In friendship joined their hands,  
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall, '   
And ploughed the willing lands ,  
And sang—" Hurra for Tubal Cain ! "  
Our staunch good friend is he ,  
And for the ploughshare and the plough  
To him our praise shall be  
But while oppression lifts its head,  
Or a tyrant would be lord,  
Though we may thank him for the plough,  
We'll not forget the sword ! "

*C. Mackay.*

## INCIDENT

## CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG


 N his morning rounds the Master  
 Goes to learn how all things fare ,  
 Searches pasture after pasture,  
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care ,  
 And, for silence or for talk,  
 He hath comrades in his walk ,  
 Four dogs, each pair of different breed,  
 Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started !  
 —Off they fly in earnest chase ,  
 Every dog is eager-hearted,  
 All the four are in the race  
 And the hare whom they pursue,  
 Knows from instinct what to do ,  
 Her hope is near no turn she makes ,  
 But, like an arrow, to the river takes

Deep the river was, and crusted  
 Thinly by a one night's frost ,  
 But the nimble hare hath trusted  
 To the ice, and safely crost ,  
 She hath crost, and without heed  
 All are following at full speed,  
 When lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,  
 Breaks,—and the greyhound, DART, is over-head !

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—  
 See them cleaving to the sport!  
 MUSIC has no heart to follow,  
 Little MUSIC, she stops short  
 She hath neither wish nor heart,  
 Hers is now another part  
 A loving creature she, and brave!  
 And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,  
 Very hands as you would say!  
 And afflicting moans she fetches,  
 As he breaks the ice away  
 For herself she hath no fears,—  
 Him alone she sees and hears,—  
 Makes efforts with complainings, nor gives o'er  
 Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more  
*W Wordsworth.*

## CLXXVII.

## LOVE KEEPING WATCH



AR. on yon heath, so lone and wild,  
 A mother sits to watch her child,  
 Delighted with its heedless play,  
 Yet fearing it may go astray

God watches both, O Mother, pray  
 That when those little feet shall stray  
 O'er paths of life more lone and wild,  
 God still may watch thy heedless child.


Pray, Little One, that God may bless  
Thy Mother for her tenderness,  
And watch her from His throne above  
With all her own unwearied love

*S Hinds.*

CLXXVIII.

## STILL MIDNIGHT

FROM "THE SIEGE OF CORINTH"


 HIS midnight On the mountain's brown  
The cold round moon shines deeply down.  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light  
So wildly spiritually bright  
Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
And turned to earth without repining,  
Nor wished for wings to flee away  
And mix with their eternal ray?  
The waves on either shore lay there,  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air,  
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
But murmured meekly as the brook  
The winds were pillowed on the waves,  
The banners drooped along their staves,  
And as they fell around them furling,  
Above them shone the crescent curling,  
And that deep silence was unbroke,  
Save where the watch his signal spoke,

Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,  
 And echo answered from the hill,  
 And the wide hum of that wild host  
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
 In midnight call to wonted prayer,  
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain  
 'Twas musical, 'twas sadly sweet  
 Such as when winds and harpstrings meet,  
 And take a long unmeasured tone,  
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

*Byron*

CLXXIX

THE VILLAGE-BOY.


REE from the cottage corner, see how wild  
 The village-boy along the pasture hies,  
 With every smell, and sound, and sight  
 beguiled,  
 That round the prospect meets his wondering eyes  
 Now, stooping, eager for the cowslip peeps,  
 As though he'd get them all,—now, tired of these,  
 Across the flaggy brook he eager leaps  
 For some new flower his happy rapture sees,—  
 Now peering 'mid the bushes on his knees  
 On woodland banks, for blue-bell flowers he creeps,—

And now, while looking up among the trees,  
He spies a nest, and down he throws his flowers,  
And up he climbs with new-fed ecstasies,  
The happiest object in the summer hours.

*J. Clare*

## CLXXX

## THE SNOWDROPS AND THE ROCK


HO fancied what a pretty sight  
This Rock would be if edged around  
With living Snowdrops? circlet bright!  
How glorious to this orchard-ground!  
Who loved this little Rock, and set  
Upon its head this coronet?

Was it the humour of a child?  
Or rather of some gentle maid,  
Whose brows, the day that she was styled  
The Shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed?  
Of man mature, or matron sage?  
Or old man toying with his age?

I asked,—'twas whispered, The device  
To each and all might well belong  
It is the Spirit of Paradise  
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,  
That gives to all the self-same bent  
Where life is wise and innocent

*W. Wordsworth*

## AUTUMN

 H, welcome to the corn-clad slope,  
 And to the laden tree,  
 Thou promised Autumn—for the hope  
 Of nations turned to thee  
 Through all the hours of splendour past,  
 With summer's bright career,—  
 And we see thee on thy throne at last,  
 Crowned monarch of the year !

Thou comest with gorgeous flowers  
 That make the roses dim,  
 With morning mists and sunny hours  
 And wild buds' harvest hymn ,  
 Thou comest with the might of floods,  
 The glow of moonlit skies,  
 And the glory flung on fading woods  
 Of thousand mingled dyes !


But never seemed thy steps so bright  
 On Europe's ancient shore,  
 Since faded from the poet's sight  
 That golden age of yore ,  
 For early harvest-home hath poured  
 Its gladness on the earth,  
 And the joy that lights the princely board  
 Hath reached the peasant's hearth

O Thou, whose silent bounty flows  
To bless the sower's art  
With gifts that ever claim from us  
The harvests of the heart,—  
If thus Thy goodness crown the year,  
What shall the glory be,  
When all Thy harvest, whitening here,  
Is gathered home to thee !

*F Browne*

CLXXXII

THE NUN'S LAMENT FOR PHILIP  
SPARROW

HEN I remembered again  
How my Philip was slain,  
I wept and I wailed,  
The tears down hailed ,  
But nothing it availed  
To call Philip again  
Whom Gib\* our cat hath slain  
*Hew, hew, me,*  
That I am woe for thee !  
*Levavi oculos meos in montes,*  
Would that I had Xenophontis†  
Or Socrates the Wise,  
To show me their device  
Moderately to take  
This sorrow that I make

\* *Gib*, a contraction of Gilbert, a name formerly given to a male-cat

† *Xenophontis*, for Xenophon



For Philip Sparrow's sake !

It had a velvet cap  
And would sit on my lap,  
And seek after small worms,  
And sometimes white bread crumbs ,  
And many times and oft  
Within my breast soft  
It would lie and rest

Sometimes he would gasp  
When he saw a wasp ,  
A fly or a gnat  
He would fly at that ,  
And prettily he would pant  
When he saw an ant ,  
Oh, how he would pry  
After the butterfly !  
Oh, how he would hop  
After the grasshop ,  
And when I said " Phip, phip," \*  
Then he would leap and skip,  
And take me by the lip

*De profundis clamavi,*  
When I saw my sparrow die  
Vengeance I ask and cry,  
By way of exclamation,  
On all the whole nation  
Of cats wild and tame ,  
That cat especially,  
That slew so cruelly  
My little pretty sparrow

\* *Phip*, for Philip—a name formerly given to a sparrow

That I brought up at Carow \*  
O cat of churlish kind,  
The fiend was in thy mind  
I would thou had'st been blind!  
The leopards savage,  
The lions in their rage,  
May they catch thee in their paws  
And gnaw thee in their jaws,  
The dragons with their tongues  
May they poison thy liver and lungs,  
Of Arcady the bears  
May they pluck away thine ears,  
The wild wolf Lycaon †  
Bite asunder thy backbone,  
Of Ætna the burning hill,  
That night and day burneth still,  
Set thy tail in a blaze,  
That all the world may gaze  
And wonder upon thee,  
From ocean, the great sea,  
Unto the Isles of Orchadye, ‡  
From Tilbury Ferry  
To the plain of Salisbury


*J. Skelton*

\* Carow was a nunnery in the suburbs of Norwich

† Lycaon, King of Arcadia, was said to have been transformed into a wolf

‡ *Orchadye*, Orcades—the ancient name for the Orkney Islands

## THE CHANGELING.

 HAD a little daughter,  
 And she was given to me  
 To lead me gently backward  
 To the Heavenly Father's knee,  
 That I, by the force of nature,  
 Might in some dim wise divine  
 The depth of his infinite patience  
 To this wayward soul of mine  
 I know not how others saw her,  
 But to me she was wholly fair,  
 And the light of the heaven she came from  
 Still lingered and gleamed in her hair,  
 For it was as wavy and golden,  
 And as many changes took,  
 As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples  
 On the yellow bed of a brook.  
 To what can I liken her smiling  
 Upon me, her kneeling lover,  
 How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,  
 And dimpled her wholly over,  
 Till her outstretched hands smiled also,  
 And I almost seemed to see  
 The very heart of her mother  
 Sending sun through her veins to me!  
 She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,  
 And it hardly seemed a day,  
 When a troop of wandering angels  
 Stole my little daughter away,

Or perhaps those heavenly Zinca  
But loosed the hampering strings,  
And when they had opened her cage-door,  
My little bird used her wings

But they left in her stead a Changeling,  
A little angel child,  
That seems like her bud in full blossom,  
And smiles as she never smiled  
When I wake in the morning, I see it  
Where she always used to lie,  
And I feel as weak as a violet  
Alone 'neath the awful sky,

As weak, yet as trustful also,  
For the whole year long I see  
All the wonders of faithful Nature  
Still worked for the love of me,  
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,  
Rain falls, suns rise and set,  
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper  
A poor little violet

This child is not mine the first was,  
I cannot sing it to rest,  
I cannot lift it up fatherly  
And bliss it upon my breast,  
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle  
And sits in my little one's chair,  
And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
Transfigures its golden hair

*J R Lowell*

## QUEEN MAB




SEE Queen Mab hath been with you, she  
comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep !  
Her waggon spokes made of long spinner's legs,  
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
The traces of the smallest spider's web,  
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,  
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm,  
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out of mind the faeries' coachmakers  
And in this state she gallops night by night,  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love,  
On courtiers' knees that dream on courtesies straight,  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream

*W Shakespeare.*

## XERXES AT THE HELLESPONT

“  ALM is now that stormy water, it has  
 learned to fear my wrath  
 Lashed and fettered now it yields me for  
 my hosts an easy path ”

Seven long days did Persia's monarch on the Helles-  
 pontine shore,

Throned in state, behold his armies without pause  
 defiling o'er,

Only on the eighth the rearward to the further side  
 were past,

Then one haughty glance of triumph far as eye could  
 reach he cast

Far as eye could reach he saw them, multitudes  
 equipped for war,

Medians with their bows and quivers, linkéd armour  
 and tiar

From beneath the sun of Afric, from the snowy hills  
 of Thrace,

And from India's utmost borders, nations gathered in  
 one place

At a single mortal's bidding all this pomp of war  
 unfurled,

All in league against the freedom and the one hope  
 of the world

“What though once some petty trophies from my  
 captains thou hast won,

Think not, Greece, to see another such a day as  
Marathon  
Wilt thou dare await the conflict, or in battle hope to  
stand,  
When the Lord of sixty nations takes himself his cause  
in hand ?  
Lo ! they come, and mighty rivers, which they drink of  
once, are dried,  
And the wealthiest cities beggared, that for them one  
meal provide  
Powers of number by their numbers infinite are over-  
borne,  
So I measure men by measure, as a husbandman his  
corn  
Mine are all—this sceptre sways them, mine is all  
in every part ”  
And he named himself most happy, and he blessed  
himself in heart—  
Blessed himself, but on that blessing tears abundant  
followed straight,  
For that moment thoughts came o’er him of man’s  
painful brief estate ,  
Ere a hundred years were finished, where would all  
those myriads be ?  
Hellespont would still be rolling his blue waters to  
the sea ,  
But of all those countless numbers not one living  
would be found,  
A dead host with their dead monarch, silent in the  
silent ground

*R C Trench.*

THE REDBREAST CHASING THE  
BUTTERFLY.



ART thou the bird whom Man loves best,  
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,  
Our little English Robin,  
The bird that comes about our doors  
When Autumn-winds are sobbing?  
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?  
Their Thomas in Finland,  
And Russia far inland?  
The bird, who by some name or other  
All men who know thee call thee brother,  
The darling of children and men?  
Could Father Adam open his eyes,  
And see this sight beneath the skies,  
He'd wish to close them again  
If the Butterfly knew but his friend,  
Hither his flight he would bend,  
And find his way to me,  
Under the branches of the tree,  
In and out he darts about,  
Can this be the bird, to men so good,  
That after their bewildering,  
Covered with leaves the little children,  
So painfully in the wood?  
What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st pursue  
A beautiful creature,  
That is gentle by nature?




Beneath the summer sky  
 From flower to flower let him fly,  
 'Tis all that he wishes to do  
 The cheerer Thou of our indoor sadness,  
 He is the friend of our summer gladness  
 What hinders, then, that ye should be  
 Playmates in the sunny weather,  
 And fly about in the air together!  
 His beautiful wings in crimson are diest—  
 A crimson as bright as thine own  
 Would'st thou he happy in thy nest,  
 O pious Bird! whom man loves best,  
 Love him, or leave him alone!

*W Wordsworth.*

CLXXXVII

### A PRAYER

ATHER, I know that all my life  
 Is portioned out for me,  
 And the changes that are sure to come  
 I do not fear to see,  
 But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
 Intent on pleasing Thee

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
 Through constant watching wise,  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles  
 And wipe the weeping eyes,  
 And a heart at leisure from itself,  
 To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurnes to and fro ,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go  
Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate,  
And a work of lowly love to do,  
For the Lord on whom I wait  
So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side ,  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified  
And if some things I do not ask  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee ,  
More careful, not to serve Thee much,  
But to please Thee perfectly  
There are Briars besetting every path,  
That call for patient care ,  
There is a Cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer ,  
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,  
Is happy anywhere

In a service which Thy will appoints  
 There are no bonds for me,  
 For my inmost heart is taught the Truth  
 That makes Thy children free,  
 And a life of self-renouncing Love  
 Is a life of liberty

*A. L. Waring*

CLXXXVIII.

THE VESPER BELL'

FROM "THE ANCIENT MARINER"



HAT loud uproar bursts from that door!  
 The wedding guests are there  
 But in the garden bower the bride  
 And bride-maids singing are  
 And hark the little vesper bell,  
 Which biddeth me to prayer!

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
 'Tis sweeter far to me,  
 To walk together to the kirk  
 With a goodly company!"

"To walk together to the kirk,  
 And altogether pray,  
 While each to his Great Father bends,  
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
 And youths and maidens gay!"

"Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast

"He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

*S T Coleridge*

CLXXXIX.

EVENING HYMN



O the sound of evening bells  
All that lives to rest repairs,  
Birds unto their leafy dells,  
Beasts unto their forest lairs

All things wear a home-bound look,  
From the weary hind that plods  
Through the corn-fields, to the rook  
Sailing toward the glimmering woods.

'Tis the time with power to bring  
Tearful memories of home  
To the sailor wandering  
On the far-off barren foam

What a still and holy time !  
Yonder glowing sunset seems  
Like the pathway to a clime  
Only seen till now in dreams


Pilgrim, here compelled to roam,  
 Not allowed that path to tread,  
 Now when sweetest sense of home  
 On all living hearts is shed,

Doth not yearning sad, sublime,  
 At this season stir thy breast,  
 That thou canst not at this time  
 Seek thy home and happy rest?

*R. C. Trench.*

CXC

# THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

ULL knee-deep lies the winter's snow,  
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing  
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
 And tread softly and speak low,  
 For the old year lies a-dying  
 Old year, you must not die,  
 You came to us so readily,  
 You lived with us so steadily,  
 Old year, you shall not die

He lieth still he doth not move  
 He will not see the dawn of day  
 He hath no other life above  
 He gave me a friend and a true true-love,  
 And the New Year will take 'em away  
 Old year, you must not go,  
 So long as you have been with us,  
 Such joy as you have seen with us,  
 Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim ,  
A jollier year we shall not see  
But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
And though his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me  
Old year, you shall not die ,  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
But he'll be dead before  
Every one for his own  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New-ye blithe and bold, my  
friend,  
Comes up to take his own

How hard he breathes ' over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock  
The shadows flicker to and fro  
The cricket chirps the light burns low  
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
Shake hands, before you die  
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :  
What is it we can do for you ?  
Speak out before you die

His face is growing sharp and thin  
Alack ! our friend is gone  
Close up his eyes tie up his chin .  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door

*A Tennyson.*



# INDEX OF WRITERS

WITH DATES



ADDISON, Joseph (1672—1719), xciv, cxliv

AIKIN, Lucy (1781—1864), xlv

ALLINGHAM, William (born 1828), ii, xxv.

AUSTIN, John (1613—1669), i, cvi

BAILLIE, Joanna (1762—1851), xxvi, lxxvi, xcv, xcvi

BARTON, Bernard (1784—1849), lvi, xcii, clxx.

BLAKE, William (1757—1827), xx, xxv, xxviii

BLOOMFIELD, Robert (1766—1823), xxxiii

BROWNING, Elizabeth Barrett (1809—1861), cxiv, cli

BROWNE, Frances (born 1816), clxxxi

BRYANT, William Cullen, *American* (born 1797), clxxiv

BURNS, Robert (1759—1796), cxxi

BYROM, John (1691—1763), xiii

BYRON, George Gordon Noel, *Lord* (1788—1824), lvii., clxxviii.

CAMPBELL, Tho (1777—1844), xviii., lxxix, cli., cxi.  
cxxx, cxlix.

CIBBER, Colley (1671—1757), lxxvii.

CLARE, John (1793—1864), clxvi., clxxix.

COLERIDGE, Samuel Taylor (1772—1834), xix., clxxxviii.

CORNWALL, Barry (born 1790), cviii, clxxviii.

COWPER, William (1731—1800), lix, lxviii., lxxiii., xcii., c.,  
cix, cxli, cli

CUNNINGHAM, Allan (1785—1842), cxxii.



- DIBDIN, Charles (1745—1814), civ  
 DRAYTON, Michael (1563—1631), viii, cxlvi  
 DRYDEN, John (1631—1701), cxliv
- EMERSON, Ralph Waldo *American* (born 1803), ix.
- FLETCHER, John (1576—1625), xxxiv, lv
- GOLDSMITH, Oliver (1728—1774), cxii  
 GOULD, Hannah F, *American*, lxi  
 GURNEY, J H, Rev, lxiii
- HEBER, Reginald, Bishop of Calcutta (1783—1826), lvi, ci, cxxx, clxxii
- HEMANS, Felicia, Mrs (1794—1835), iv, x, xliii, xxvii, xxxii, l, liiv, lxxviii, xci, cxiii, cxvii, cxix, cxxxiv, cli, cxlvii, cliii
- HERBERT, George, Rev (1593—1633), cxv
- HINDS, Samuel, Right Rev, late Bishop of Norwich (born 1793), li, clxxvii
- HOWITT, Mary, Mrs (born early in the present century), lviii, lv, lxi, xc
- HOWITT, William (born 1795), lxxiv
- HUDSON, lxxi
- HUNT, Leigh (1784—1859), ci
- JONSON, Ben (1574—1637), xvi.
- KEBLE, John, the Rev (born 1789), xcvi, cxx, clxxi
- KINGSLEY, Charles, the Rev (born 1819), xvii, lxxxi, cli, clxxii
- LANDON, Letitia Elizabeth (1802—1838), lxxxi
- LILLY, or LYLVE, John (1553—1601), xxx
- LLOYD, Robert (1733—1764), lxvii
- LONGFELLOW, Henry Wadsworth, *American* (born 1807), xxvii, xcvi, cxvi, clvii, clxvii.

LOWELL, James Bussell, *American* (born 1819), clxii, clxxviii.

MAC DONALD, George (born 1824), vi, xxix, clxiii

MACKAY, Charles, LL D (born 1812), clxxv

MILTON, John (1608—1674), clx

MONTGOMERY, James (1771—1854), lxxx

MOORE, Thomas (1779—1852), xxlix, lxxv, cxlxviii

MOULTRIE, John, Rev (born 1804), vii, xl

NORTON, Caroline, Hon Mrs (born 1808), xlii

OPIE, Amelia, MIs (1769—1853), lxx.

PEACOCK, Thomas Love (born 1785), cxvi

RICHARDSON, G F, clx.

ROSCOE, Thomas (born 1791), xli

SCOTT, Walter, Sir (1771—1832), cxxvii, cxlviii, clv, clxx.

SHAKESPEARE, William (1564—1616), lxxiii, xcix, cxviii,  
cxix, cxxxix, clvii, clxv, cxlviii, clxxxiv

SKELTON, John, Poet Laureate (1460—1529), clxxxii

SOUTHEY, Robert, Poet-Laureate (1774—1843), xiv, xlv,  
lxi, lxxxvi, cx, clv

SPENCER, William Robert, H (1770—1834), lxxii

TAYLOR, Jane (1783 1824), xxi, xlviii

TAYLOR, Jefferys (born early in the present century), xli

TENNYSON, Alfred, Poet-Laureate, D C L (born 1810), xlii,  
clxxxix

TRENCH, Richard Chenevix, Archbishop of Dublin (born 1807),  
cxvi, cxiv, clxxv, clxxxix.

VAUX, Lord (1510—1557), cxxxiii

WARING, Anna Letitia, clxxxvii

WATTS, Isaac, Dr. (1674—1748), lx, lxxxix

- WHITTIER, John Greenleaf, *American* (born 1808), xxxviii  
 WOLFE, Charles (1791—1823), cxvii  
 WORDSWORTH, Miss, Sister of the Poet, iii  
 WORDSWORTH, William, Poet Laureate (1770—1850), v, xxi,  
 xlv, xlvii, liv, lxxv, lxxvii, cv, cvii, cxix, cxxv,  
 cxxxv, cxliii, calv, cl, clvi, clx, clxvi, clxxv, clxxvi  
 UNKNOWN, xi, xii, xv, xxxv. xxxvi xlv, li, lii, liii,  
 lxxviii, cxxxvi.



# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A barking sound the shepherd hears . . . .	265
A chieftain to the Highlands bound . . . .	175
A famous man is Robin Hood. . . . .	240
A forward hare, of swiftness vain . . . . .	109
A fragment of a rainbow bright . . . . .	282
A milkmaid, who poised a full pail on her head . . .	80
A nightingale that all day long . . . . .	96
A simple child that lightly draws its breath . . . .	75
A thousand miles from land are we . . . . .	218
A wet sheet and a flowing sea . . . . .	211
A winter night ! the stormy wind is high . . . .	279
A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest ? .	152
An ancient story I'll tell you anon . . . . .	85
An idle weed that used to crawl . . . . .	77
An Orpheus ! an Orpheus !—yes, faith may grow bold .	261
And the night was dark and calm . . . . .	140
And wherefore do the poor complain ? . . . . .	68
Around the fire, one wintry night . . . . .	34
Art thou the bird whom man loves best ? . . . .	303
At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears .	246
Beautiful, sublime, and glorious . . . . .	93
Begone, thou fond presumptuous elf . . . . .	214
Between nose and eyes a strange contest arose . . .	111
Between the dark and the daylight . . . . .	263
Birds, joyous birds, of the wandering wing ! . . . .	45
Blow, blow, thou winter wind . . . . .	263
Burg Niedeck is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong .	268
By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . . .	221
Calm is now that stormy water . . . . .	301
Camel, thou art good and mild . . . . .	112

Come, follow, follow me . . . . .	73
Come, list to me, and you shall hear . . . . .	100
Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste . . . . .	62
Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare . . . . .	193
Do you ask what the birds say? the sparrow, the dove . . . . .	26
Faintly as tolls the evening chime . . . . .	234
Far on yon heath so lone and wild . . . . .	290
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! . . . . .	224
Father, I know that all my life . . . . .	304
For us the winds do blow . . . . .	197
Free from the cottage corner, see how wild . . . . .	292
Full fathom five thy father lies . . . . .	279
Full knee deep lies the winter snow . . . . .	307
God moves in a mysterious way . . . . .	121
Good bye, good-bye to summer! . . . . .	2
Good people all, of every sort . . . . .	192
Great God! how endless is thy love! . . . . .	97
Hark, my soul, how every thing . . . . .	1
He comes—he comes—the frost spirit comes! . . . . .	56
He passed unquestioned through the camp . . . . .	188
He quickly arms him for the field . . . . .	214
Her chariot ready straight is made . . . . .	11
Here lies one who never drew . . . . .	254
His courtiers of the caliph crave . . . . .	247
How pleasant the life of a bird must be . . . . .	149
I am coming, I am coming! . . . . .	95
I am here from the north, the frozen north . . . . .	145
I am not concerned to know . . . . .	147
I come, I come! ye have called me long . . . . .	219
I had a little daughter . . . . .	298
I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old . . . . .	58
I hear thee speak of a better land . . . . .	14
I love contemplating . . . . .	132
I met a fairy child, whose golden hair . . . . .	16

	PAGE
I praised the earth, in beauty seen . . . .	174
I saw the Memphian pyramid . . . .	136
I see Queen Mab hath been with you . . . .	300
I've watched you now a full half hour . . . .	184
If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright . . . .	233
In a land for antiquities greatly renowned . . . .	31
In a valley obscure, on a bank of green shale . . . .	83
In schools of wisdom all the day was spent . . . .	274
In the hollow tree, in the grey old tower . . . .	185
In the sweet shire of Cardigan . . . .	179
Injurious Heimia, most ungrateful maid . . . .	275
Into the sunshine . . . .	271
It is summer ! it is summer ! how beautiful it looks . . . .	89
It was a summer evening . . . .	115
It was Earl Haldan's daughter . . . .	184
It was the schooner Hesperus . . . .	199
John Bull for pastime took a prance . . . .	177
John Gilpin was a citizen . . . .	162
King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport . . . .	172
Lady-bird ! lady bud ! fly away home . . . .	53
Listen, listen, ladies gay . . . .	280
Little bird, little bud, come to me . . . .	15
Little Ellie sits alone . . . .	195
Little White Lily . . . .	40
Lo the lilies of the field . . . .	108
More swift than lightning can I fly . . . .	22
My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly by . . . .	64
My fairest child, I have no song to give you . . . .	24
My little boy, with pale round cheeks . . . .	275
No stir in the air, no stir in the sea . . . .	18
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note . . . .	209
Now he who knows old Christmas . . . .	107
Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger . . . .	268
O Mary, go and call the cattle home . . . .	236

	PAGE
O swiftly glides the bonny boat . . . . .	129
O tell me harper, wherefore flow . . . . .	250
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray . . . . .	7
Oh ! call my brother back to me . . . . .	82
Oh reader ! hast thou ever stood to see . . . . .	257
Oh ! say, what is that thing called light . . . . .	130
Oh, welcome to the corn-clad slope . . . . .	294
Old Tubal Cain was a man of might . . . . .	286
On his morning rounds the master . . . . .	289
On Linden when the sun was low . . . . .	222
On the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was nigh . . . . .	25
Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered . . . . .	191
Over hill, over dale . . . . .	235
Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daises . . . . .	204
Piping down the valleys wild . . . . .	39
Queen of fresh flowers . . . . .	283
Remember us poor Mayers all . . . . .	21
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled . . . . .	208
See the kitten on the wall . . . . .	230
Shepherds all, and maidens fair . . . . .	50
Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep . . . . .	92
Sir John got him an ambling nag . . . . .	231
Son of the ocean isle . . . . .	216
St Philip Neill, as old writers say . . . . .	16
Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake . . . . .	114
The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold . . . . .	94
The baby wept . . . . .	98
The bark that held a prince went down . . . . .	131
The boy stood on the burning deck . . . . .	5
The breaking waves dashed high . . . . .	193
The cock is crowing . . . . .	253
The deep affections of the breast . . . . .	252
The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink . . . . .	28
The fiery courser, when he hears from far . . . . .	212
The frost looked forth, one still clear night . . . . .	98

	PAGE
The God of nature and of grace . . . .	135
The harp that once through Tara's halls . . .	141
The lawns were dry in Euston Park	46
The Lord my pasture shall prepare . . .	245
The minstrel boy to the war is gone . . .	57
The mountain and the squirrel . . .	13
The post-boy drove with fierce career	143
The quality of mercy is not stained . . .	139
The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain	227
The shades of night were falling fast . . .	159
The spearmen heard the bugle sound . . .	118
The stately homes of England . . .	105
The stormy March is come at last	285
The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all	259
The tree roots met in the spongy ground . . .	10
The valley rings with mirth and joy . . .	125
The wind one morning sprang up from sleep	122
There breathes not a breath of the morning air . .	9
There is a book who runs may read . . .	206
There is a reaper whose name is Death	277
There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore . . . .	91
There went three kings into the east . . .	51
These tiny loiterers on the barley's beard	276
They grew in beauty side by side . . .	248
Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall	256
Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee ! . . .	142
Three fishers went sailing away to the west	138
Tiger, tiger, burning bright . . .	36
'Tis midnight—on the mountains brown	291
To the sound of evening bells . . . .	307
Toll for the brave . . . .	186
'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed . . .	237
Under a spreading chesnut tree . . .	54
Under the green hedges after the snow . . .	11
Under the greenwood tree . . . .	203



	PAGE
Upon his royal throne he sat . . . .	153
Up! quit thy bowel, late wears the hour . . . .	157
Up the airy mountain . . . .	43
Wake now, my soul, and humbly hear . . . .	183
Wanton dioll, whose harmless play . . . .	36
What bird so sings yet so does wail? . . . .	42
What does little birdie say? . . . .	67
What hid'st thou in thy treasure caves and cells? . . . .	38
What is good for a bootless bene? . . . .	70
What loud uproar bursts from the door? . . . .	306
What way does the wind come? what way does he go? . . . .	3
When all is done and sud . . . .	226
When all thy mercies, O my God . . . .	155
When evening's silent footfall steals . . . .	158
When I remembered again . . . .	295
When my mother died I was very young . . . .	26
When the British warrior queen . . . .	238
Wherefore so sad and faint, my heart? . . . .	151
Where is the sea? I languish here . . . .	33
Which is the weakest thing of all? . . . .	255
While clouds on high are riding . . . .	156
Who fancied what a pretty sight? . . . .	293
You spotted snakes with double tongue . . . .	161

RECEIVED ON  
THE END.

ALLAHABAD